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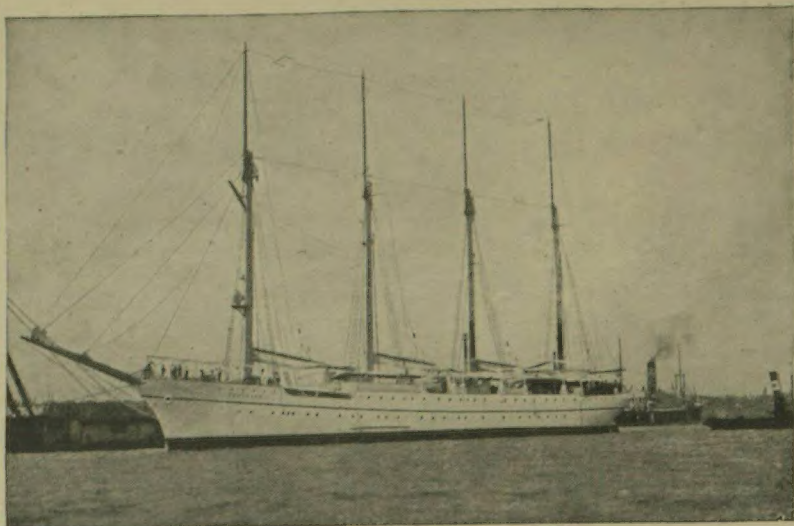
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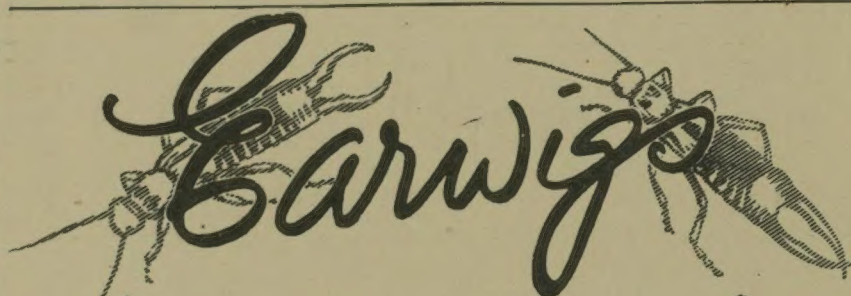
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Daimlers now rank first for perfect all-round road performance.

NEW DAIMLER 16/55. The Leading Light 6-Cylinder Car.

So phenomenal is the improvement in Daimlers as the result of an important new development in the sleeve-valve engine that they have become the most talked-of cars of the moment. For 17 years supreme in smoothness and silence, the Daimler must now also be ranked first in acceleration, hill climbing, and speed. The traditional smoothness of operation is as remarkable as ever, and the silence, being inherent in the sleeve-valve principle, is just as enduring.

In combining so perfectly qualities hitherto so dissociated, the new Daimlers constitute an event in automobile history: they have established a new standard of all-round road performance that is as great an advance as was the introduction of the sleeve-valve engine itself.

Among the new technical features of interest in these cars, chief place must be given to the use of *steel sleeves*. Their extreme lightness and great port area enable them to sustain high power with perfect balance at speeds up to 4,000 revolutions per minute (65 m.p.h. on the 16/55). The central ignition plugs in the pocketless combustion chambers (which promote smooth running and give freedom from knocking) are connected to a magneto as well as to a coil, either of which can be brought into use, by means of a switch, without stopping the engine. The timing of the ignition is automatically regulated by a governor which simplifies correct driving. The lubrication is arranged on the most improved system of forced feed, and baffle plates are used in order to make the new engines smokeless.

In all matters pertaining to economy of maintenance the new Daimlers are cheapest, and in this connection let it be remembered that *the sleeve-valve is the only type of engine in the world that actually im-*

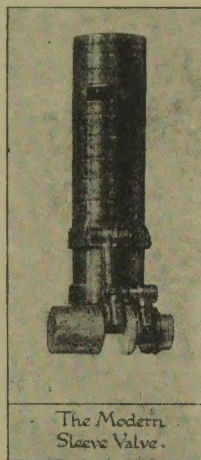
proves with use. The American expects his car to be dilapidated in less than a year and seldom keeps it longer, but the Daimler owner buys his to last and reflects with national pride that the Royal Cars of State were continuously in service for 14 years.

To drivers, the new Daimlers are a revelation in ease, comfort, and speed. Light steering, light action clutch, and gears that are easy to change but seldom need changing. Four-wheel brakes that give absolute security and are always in perfect order because their adjustment is so readily accomplished by turning a handle that is accessible under the bonnet.

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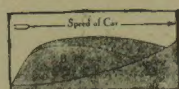
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Rating	-	16/55	20/70	25/85	35/120	-	Rating
Chassis	-	£490	£625	£725	£1100	-	Price

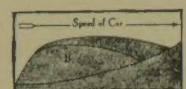
N.B.—A most attractive new design of inexpensive closed body has been developed for use with these Chassis.



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A full explanation of this diagram is in the Catalogue.



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She is attractive—complexion so clear, skin soft and fascinating—because she follows the Olva way to beauty. Olva is the wonder soap—the super blend of Palm Oils and Olive Oils, scientifically refined and made into an emollient, fragrant soap by the famous British house of Price's. British soap-making is acknowledged supreme the world over—and Olva *proves* that superiority.

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THE OLVA WAY

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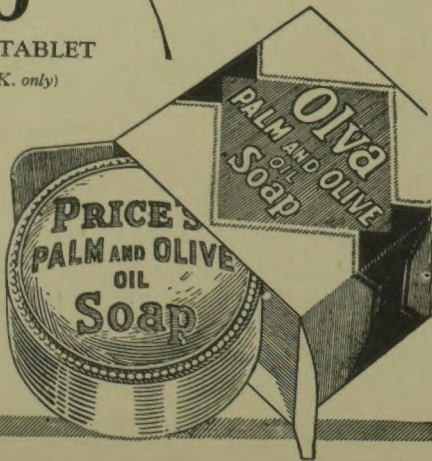
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Born 1820—Still going Strong!

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RUSH-SEAT MAKING was practised at least 3,000 years ago. Stools and chairs bottomed with rushes were among the property of ancient Egyptian kings when the possession of chairs denoted high rank.

Rush seats were made in England in the 17th century when the fashioning of simple farmhouse and cottage chairs with plain ladder or spindle backs was a homely craft. Lancashire rushers are mentioned by Ben Jonson in "The New Inn," written in 1629.

Whilst the framework of rush-seated chairs has been somewhat influenced by periodic styles the actual craft of rush seating has not varied; the same construction principles are followed even though most of the rush seats are now factory made.



Pride of Production is the Stimulus of True Craftsmanship
—hence the Superiority of "Johnnie Walker."

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 1, 1925.

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VICTOR IN THE "NEW CRUISERS BATTLE" AND GOVERNMENT MEDIATOR IN THE COAL CRISIS: THE RIGHT HON. W. C. BRIDGEMAN, FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY.

Mr. Bridgeman, the First Lord of the Admiralty, has been much in evidence of late, not only as Government mediator in the coal crisis, but in consequence of the part he played in what has been called the Battle of the New Cruisers. He demanded seven new cruisers, and the reception of the demand was such that it was stated that he was prepared to resign. He did not do so, and on July 23 the

Prime Minister said in the House: "We consider that the requirements of Fleet replacement will be met if two cruisers are laid down in October this year, and two more in February, and by an annual construction of three cruisers thereafter during the normal life of the present Parliament."—[FROM A PHOTO-ETCHING (BY SPECIAL PROCESS) BY JAMES BACON AND SONS, NEW BOND STREET AND NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.]



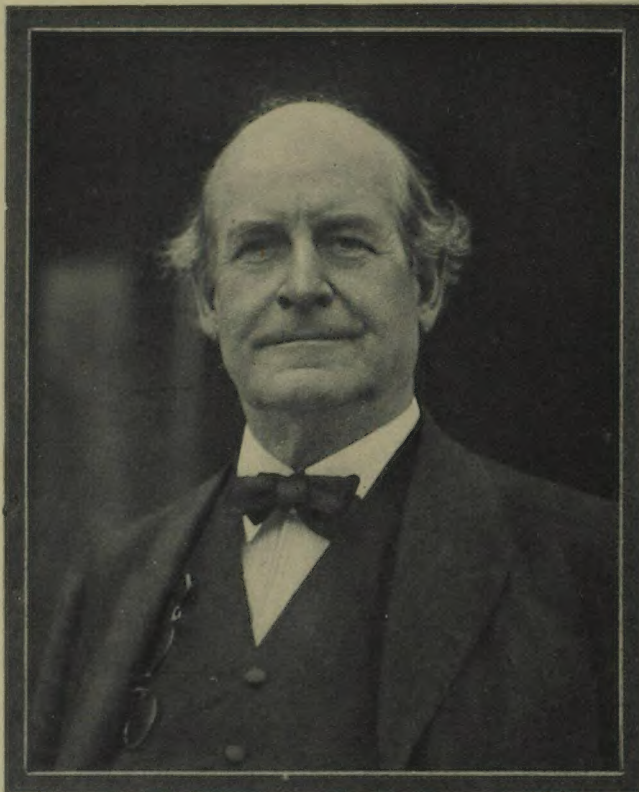
By G. K. CHESTERTON.

BY this time, we have all had our laugh over "Monkeyville" and the public execution of the Missing Link, and not least the Americans, who are fully alive to the fun of the fair, and most of all, perhaps, those very astute Americans who are said to have used the whole scientific and philosophical controversy as a means of advertising the little town of Dayton in Tennessee. I have heard it stated, I know not how truly, that certain of those too restless, not to say rampant, publicity agents who are prepared to run anything and anybody in the United States had solemnly promised the municipal authorities that the name of their town should be in the front page of every newspaper in the world. I do not know if this is true, but if the promise was given, it was certainly kept. Perhaps the fulfilment is a little too like Mark Twain's story of how he doubled the circulation of an agricultural paper. It will be remembered that, being temporary editor of that quiet rural organ, he raised it, by his own account, into the wildest popularity by advising people not to pull turnips, but to send up a boy to shake the tree; and assuring them that clams would lie quiet if music were played. The story of "Monkeyville" may be as mythical as the story of Mark Twain, but if it is true, it is at least highly evolutionary. In one sense the small American towns which are least ready to preach evolution are most ready to practise it. I have myself seen a tiny little hamlet of wooden houses on the empty plains, outside which stood a notice in enormous letters: "Watch Us Grow." This might be regarded as a highly biological conception of the germ and the organism. But if it was evolution, it was of the sort founded on will and in that sense on design. It was certainly Lamarckian and not Darwinian evolution. But we may be permitted to doubt whether the sturdy Fundamentalists who probably inhabit its frame-houses drew any fine distinctions between Darwin and Lamarck. Anyhow, as I say, we have had our laugh over the affair; and indeed I fear, to tell the truth, that a great many of the English journalists who laughed loudest knew just as much about evolution as the Fundamentalists in the little houses of that wooden village in the wilderness.

All my life, or at least all the later part of it, I have been trying to discover the meaning of the word "paradox." It seems to have two meanings—a statement that seems to contain a contradiction or to be intrinsically improbable, and a statement that happens to be different from the catchwords common at a particular moment. Now, as a fact, these catchwords themselves often are paradoxes. These catchwords themselves are often intrinsically contradictory or improbable. So that, by the simple operation of stating the dull and obvious truth, one may gain quite a picturesque reputation for dashing and dazzling paradox. For instance, it is a pure paradox to say, as the modern English have said for so long, that it is more practical not to be logical. It is exactly like saying that book-keeping is more practical if it ignores simple addition, and assumes that two and two make five. It is exactly like saying that carriage-building is more practical when we abandon the attempt to make circular wheels and are content with wheels of any rough or approximate outline, like that of an ellipse or an egg. In other words, it is not only paradoxical, but nonsensical. Yet all the books and papers and patriotic poems and stories I read in my youth repeated again and again this paradox: that our conclusions would be right if our reasoning was wrong. I ventured to say, in my humdrum and prosaic fashion, that I did not think this was so; and instantly all those thousands of paradox-mongers accused me of paradox. Or again, it was pure paradox in the old Utilitarians to say that if everybody was egotistical the result would somehow be social. Yet the men who, like Ruskin, merely pointed out the

fantasy of this fantasy, were themselves called fantastic. By a sober and industrious attention to this little rule, I also have managed to get myself called fantastic or paradoxical. But I have always found that, whenever one of these truisms was thus criticised, the truism very soon came true.

So it is in this case of the journalistic joke in England about the Fundamentalist in America. I



A FAMOUS FIGURE IN UNITED STATES POLITICS, AND CHIEF PROSECUTOR IN THE "ANTI-EVOLUTION" TRIAL AT DAYTON: THE LATE MR. WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN.

Following closely on the so-called "Monkeyville" anti-evolution trial, there has taken place, at Dayton, Tennessee, the death of Mr. William Jennings Bryan, chief counsel for the prosecution in that case. Mr. Bryan, who was found dead in bed, at five in the afternoon of July 26, was born in Illinois in 1860, and came of Irish and English stock, settled in Virginia. He had a distinguished career as a lawyer, and, devoting himself to politics, became a noted orator. In 1890 he was elected to Congress as a Democrat, for the First District of Nebraska. In 1896, in 1900, and in 1908 he put up for the Presidency in the Democratic interest, but was defeated. In 1913 he was appointed Secretary of State, but, being an advocate of world peace, resigned his post two years later owing to disagreement with President Wilson's Note to Germany following the sinking of the "Lusitania." In September 1917, he announced his conversion to the President's views concerning the war.

Photograph by Sport and General.

NOTICE TO AMERICAN FIRMS.

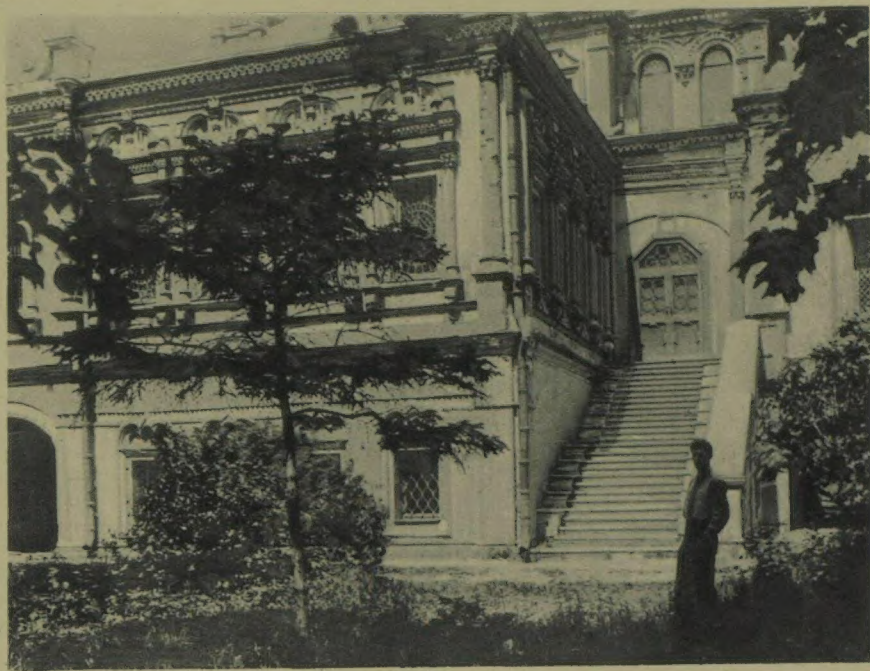
IT has been brought to our notice that a certain individual has been seeking to obtain money from several American Firms, on the ground that he represents "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS," and that he has been authorised by that paper to insert portraits and articles dealing with these American Firms, with a view to a certain number of copies containing such portraits and articles being purchased for cash in advance. We may state that any such arrangement is entirely contrary to the policy of a paper of the high standing of "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS." All persons claiming to represent "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" for this purpose should be discredited. Herewith we give warning that no one should be accepted as acting for "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" who does not possess the fullest credentials signed by The Managing Director or the Editor-in-Chief. For the purposes of reference, we may state that the names of the Managing-Director and Editor-in-Chief are, respectively—G. J. MADDICK and BRUCE S. INGRAM.

pointed out a long time ago in these columns that what was the matter with America and Americans was not that they were bad or good, or wise or foolish, or corrupt or public-spirited, but simply that they were almost incredibly backward and behind the times. I pointed out that this involved virtues as well as vices. It is sometimes just as well to be behind the times, when they are such bad times as modern progress is apparently in for. But, for good or evil,

America is a generation behind. Yet when I said that, any number of people cried out in protest against such a provocative absurdity, asking me if I knew more about electricity than Edison, or whether I had seen the labour-saving appliances in the New York apartments. By this time journalists who have joked about "Monkeyville" may be disposed to admit that, if I know less about electricity than Edison, I know more about evolution than the late William Jennings Bryan. Now Mr. Bryan was not only an orator of genius, he was a public figure who had been the Secretary of State and might have been President. Suppose we imagine a British statesman of Cabinet rank, let us say Earl Balfour, intervening in a scientific and religious debate. Who can imagine him going back fifty years, and dressing up as Disraeli, in order to defy Professor Huxley with the words: "I am on the side of the Angels"? That is practically what Mr. Bryan did, because his whole world was fifty years old. Earl Balfour's intervention would quite certainly be about something new, like Einstein; certainly not about something as old as Darwin. Earl Balfour is supposed to be a Tory and Mr. Bryan was supposed to be a Radical; the former is an aristocrat, the latter was a Democrat. But do not let us forget that tradition is one of the virtues of a true democracy. Do not let us forget that curiosity and innovation, the appetite for anything new, are among the vices of aristocracy. England has suffered a great deal from the progressive spirit of all aristocrats. It has been hurried into fashion after fashion, and folly after folly, in every department from Dress to Religion. There is a great deal too much Einstein in the English governing class. Exactly what England has lacked for the last few centuries has been the strong family tradition that exists in farmers and rooted social types; England has not enough tenacity in religion and morals. In another and far more fundamental sense, what she lacks is Fundamentalism.

And now that the journalists have had their joke, perhaps it would be well to realise that the joke is partly against them. In so far as some of them seem to imagine that Darwinism is a final scientific discovery, like the circulation of the blood, the joke is entirely against them. It is rather old-fashioned to fly into a fuss about the sudden appearance of Mr. Charles Darwin in the scientific world. But it is almost as old-fashioned to be completely overwhelmed by the appearance of that rising young biologist. It is almost as antiquated to fancy that Darwin has proved his case merely because he has presented his case. From the point of view of a really rising biologist to-day, the fun of the Darwinian leading articles must be even funnier than the fun of the Fundamentalists. A French or Italian scientist would probably be as much amused at the assumption that nobody can contradict Darwin as the Darwinian is at the assumption that nobody must contradict Moses. But if we are, in some ways, a little behind the main march of European knowledge, at least we are a long way ahead of the New World and its pioneers, O pioneers! This naturally gives us a certain gratification in face of commercial pretensions; but do not let us forget the other side. In one sense Darwin is still a rising and recent and youthful figure. And that is in the sense that his theory is still a juvenile hypothesis and has never come of age as a law. The child has not yet been successfully reared; nor is it certain that the suggestion of the survival of the fittest will be the fittest to survive. Now it is very likely that the English were much too eager to swallow it. A mere craze tied us to Darwin, as it might now tie us to Einstein. It might have been better for science if we had shown a little more of the spirit of Dayton *versus* Darwin. For even Fundamentalism is a better god than Fashion.

TREASURE-TROVE FOR RED RUSSIA: THE YOUSOUPOFF JEWELS FOUND.



WHERE THE HIDDEN YOUSOUPOFF TREASURE WAS FOUND: THE FAMILY PALACE AT MOSCOW; NOW A MUSEUM OF MILITARY HISTORY.



REVEALED BY CRACKS IN A WALL: THE HIDING-PLACE OF THE VALUABLES—PICTURES, GOLD AND SILVER PLATE, AND OLD JEWELLERY.



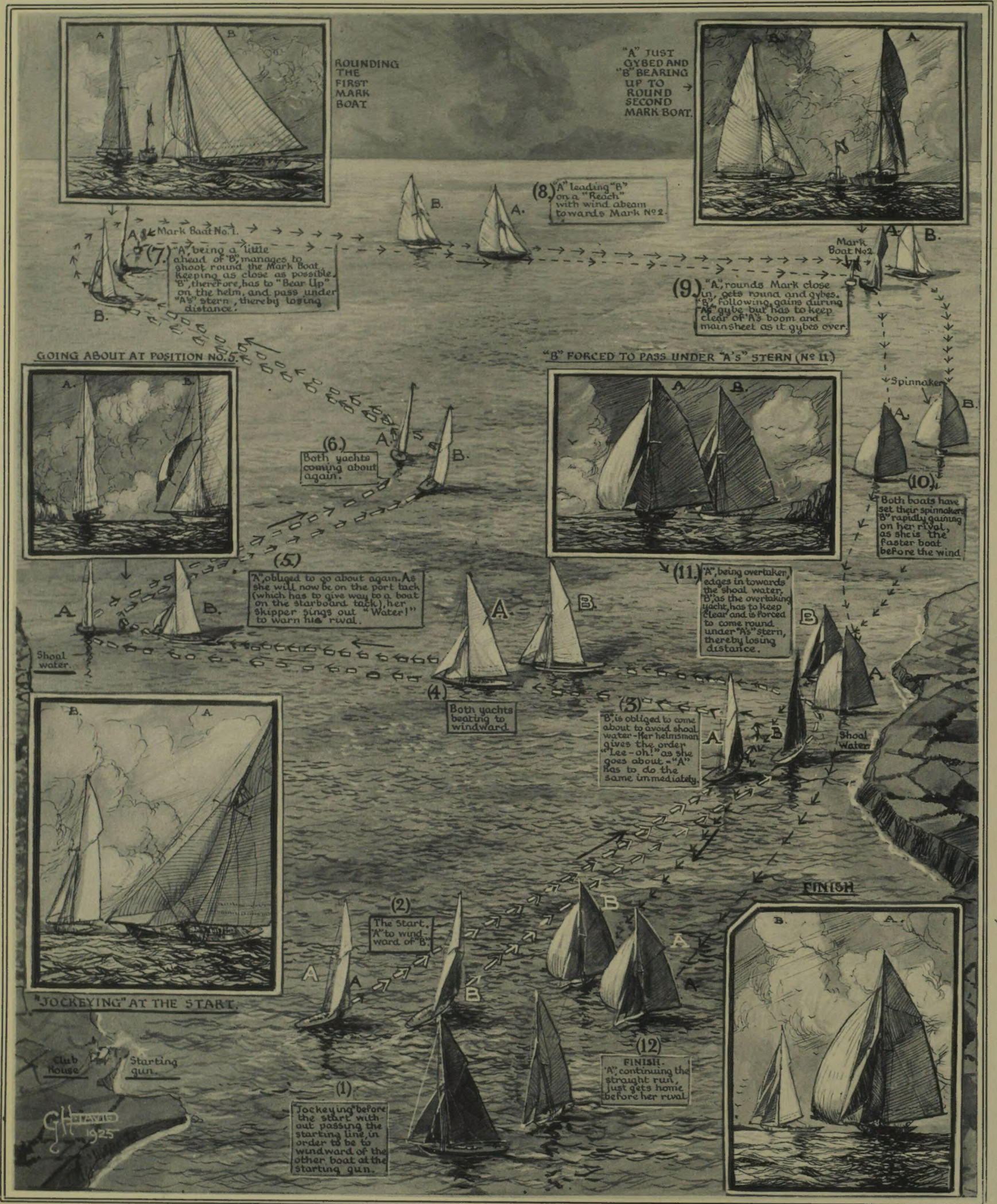
VALUED AT SOME FIFTY MILLION ROUBLES—AND FOUND THANKS TO THE CURIOSITY OF A MUSEUM-KEEPER: THE YOUSOUPOFF TREASURES BEING INVENTORIED BY SOVIET OFFICIALS.

At the time of the Bolshevik Revolution, many of the Russian nobility not only managed to escape, but to take away with them certain of their finer jewels. Others, less fortunate, contrived to hide their valuables. Prince Yousouppoff, who will be remembered for the part he played in the killing of the rascally mystic-monk Rasputin, was one of the unlucky ones, and he had to leave much treasure in his Moscow palace, trusting to recover it later under a Russia freed from Red tyranny. In a crypt, duly walled up, he stored away pictures, gold and silver

plate, and jewels—to the value of somewhere about fifty million roubles. Later, the Soviet authorities turned his palace into a Museum of Military History. A month or two ago, the Keeper of this, intrigued by cracks showing in a wall, consulted the Director, who, noting that the masonry was new, had it pulled down to see what, if anything, it concealed. Thus were the Yousouppoff jewels found—and Keeper and Director have been rewarded by their rulers—generously rewarded, says our informant.

THE SCIENCE OF YACHT-RACING: A SAILING MATCH EXPLAINED.

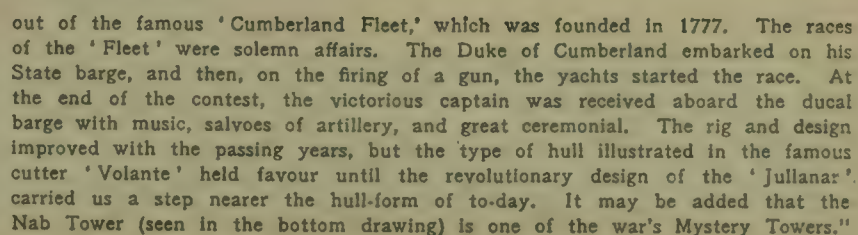
DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. H. DAVIS.

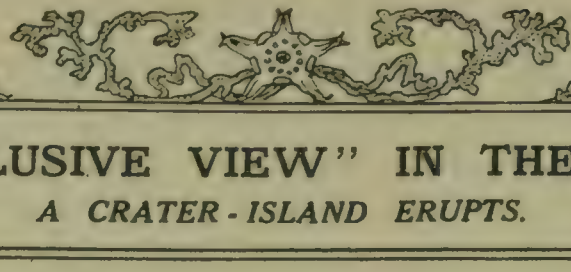


A RACE IN PROGRESS: THE POINTS OF THE CONTEST TO BE UNDERSTOOD BY FOLLOWING THE DIAGRAM FROM 1 TO 12.

Describing his diagrammatic drawing, our artist notes: "Though countless thousands of spectators watch our yachting festivals, but a few really understand what is going on. Yacht-racing is a highly scientific pastime-sport ruled by complex laws, regulations, and measurements. On this page, I have attempted to show a contest between two boats of equal size, and picture some of the movements that go to a race. Much depends on the human element, and the skill of the helmsman and the crew of a boat will win a race over less-skilled men—other things being equal—every time. I show how one yacht, slightly faster to windward, is able to outmanœuvre her antagonist and then, when the tables are turned, and the slower boat to windward becomes, perhaps, the faster boat when running with the wind, the skipper of the slower vessel, by adroit manœuvring,

is just able to win the race. At the second mark the yacht named 'A,' it will be noticed, gybes round the mark boat, cutting it as fine as possible. It must be clearly understood that many of the finer points in yacht-racing cannot be shown in a diagram of this description. However, it shows the start, the beat to windward, tactics employed in going about, and rounding the first mark boat. It next shows the second part of the race, the reach with wind abeam, a gybe at the rounding of the second mark, and then the run before the wind and the use of shoal-water, and the Rule of the Road in yacht-racing that just enables the winner to gain first home. To show clearly the various positions of the yachts, they are drawn out of proportion—far larger than they would appear on a course of this size."—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]





AN "EXCLUSIVE VIEW" IN THE PACIFIC. A CRATER-ISLAND ERUPTS.

By Professor WILLIAM BEEBE, Leader of the New York Zoological Society's Expedition in the "Arcturus," and Author of "Galapagos, World's End," etc.

Previous articles on the scientific voyage of the "Arcturus," by Professor Beebe, have appeared in our issues dated March 7, April 11, June 20 and 27, and July 18.

ABOARD THE "ARCTURUS," OFF GALAPAGOS.

THIS is rapidly becoming a world where privacy and exclusiveness are no longer possible; nor, what is even sadder, even desirable to most people. But the *Arcturus* had a private and exclusive view in the Pacific of a spectacle that might have been arranged for our special benefit. So far as we know, ours were the only human eyes to see it, and such is the quaintness of human nature that we felt quite puffed up and proud over our sheer good luck.

On the night of April 10 the ship lay in Darwin Bay at Tower Island, where we had been studying the shore fishes by the novel means of a diving-helmet. During the day the phenomenon of a strong south wind had made the Captain rather uneasy, for the bay, a perfect shelter under the conditions which almost always prevail in the Galapagos, is open to the south, and the black cliffs loomed close to our anchorage. At one o'clock in the morning the second officer roused us to look at a faint, pulsating, rosy glow in the south-west. Bearings located it as on the northern end of Albemarle Island, and at sunrise we weighed anchor and set out to investigate. Our gannet friends, who had found the *Arcturus* a delightful resting-place during all our stay, were reluctant to leave us, and at least two dozen bore the nervous strain of our noisy departure and with great fortitude clung to masts and davits and rode out into the Pacific. Several huge devil-fish floated past slowly, gracefully undulating, and flying fish fifteen inches long, with lavender-pink wings, scaled from under the bows.

During the day we made a station, putting over nets and trawls, and adding to our collections telescope-eyed, strangely compressed fish, others with wonderful luminescent organs, and several large Leptocephali, the transparent larval form of the eel. At dusk all eyes were eagerly fixed on the south-west, straining for that glowing point. It was there, clearer and nearer, and strengthening with every moment of growing darkness. On our previous voyage to this archipelago we had scanned each crater-island hopefully, and tried to imagine that fiery sunset streaks and wisps of tattered cloud were the glow and smoke of an eruption. Now we could hardly believe in our good fortune that a volcano should actually break out while we happened to be near.

Comparatively few eruptions in this archipelago have been witnessed, considering that it is of volcanic origin, and that there must have been hundreds of disturbances since it was first discovered. From the circumstance that the Inca Tupac Yupanqui named one of the islands the Island of Fire, we presume that his were the first human eyes to witness an eruption in this barren place. An old Boston sea captain, one Amasa Delano, reported such a phenomenon in 1800 on Albemarle, and a splendid description of an awe-inspiring outburst on Narborough was written by Benjamin Morrell, who saw it in 1825. But there is no record of anyone having seen subterranean fires

break out on the northern end of Albemarle, the point to which we hurried now.

There was little sleep on the *Arcturus* that night. I snatched a nap or two, but most of the time was passed on the bridge, watching through high-power glasses the crimson cloud that clung to one spot and the intense streaks of colour that came and went



SITTING ON ITS EGGS: A GALAPAGOS ALBATROSS. Two of these birds have been sent alive to the New York Zoological Park.

Photograph Exclusive to "The Illustrated London News."

beneath it. The sea was glassy smooth and a full moon silvered it, while the ship ploughed on toward the beacon of that brilliant spot on the horizon.



"SO FAR AS WE KNOW, OURS WERE THE ONLY EYES TO SEE IT": MOUNTS WHITON AND WILLIAMS IN ERUPTION—A SPECTACLE OF THE NORTHERN END OF ALBEMARLE ISLAND.

Photograph Exclusive to "The Illustrated London News."

At dawn we were within ten miles of shore and could make out the individual glowing spots before the sunlight extinguished their bright colour. The huge tumbled cloud hung persistently over what seemed to be the central crater, just over the shoulder

of the long slope that connected the two northernmost mountains. We named these two Mount Williams and Mount Whiton, after Harrison Williams and Henry D. Whiton, two of the gentlemen whose generosity made possible the voyage of the *Arcturus*. The long sweeping slope was thickly sprinkled with small vents, which steamed and glowed in imitation of their larger fellow. Volumes of steam poured from freshly ejected piles of rock that even in full sunlight showed sullen red, like new-drawn slag.

As soon as the Captain announced that we were as near shore as safety would permit, three of us set out in a small boat to find some feasible landing. The abrupt banks of old, cold lava that lined the coast turned into frowning cliffs as we drew near, and heavy breakers dashed against them in a way that made us sheer off time and again from certain smash. From the *Arcturus* we had noted several sandy approaches which looked reasonably easy of access. When we approached, each one proved to be guarded by a lava reef that presented no possible passage-way. Up and down the coast we chugged in our small craft, calculating our chances of jumping ashore on undercut cliffs smothered in surf. At one point we passed deep grottoes in the black lava, from which hundreds of sea-birds dashed out, alarmed by the motor. A few fish jumped ahead of us, and a pelican almost brushed our faces with broad wings as he curiously stopped to see us.

At last we found a tiny cove, protected by an arm of lava, where the water was as quiet as a pond. A heron eyed us, unafraid, as we stepped easily ashore under a huge monolith.

Mr. Tee-Van and I put on our hob-nailed boots and arranged that the boat should lie off that spot during the afternoon for our return. We set as our goal what we thought was an unambitious mark, one of the biggest, but also one of the nearest, craters, which from the ship we had placed as being possibly two miles from shore. We were so modest in our aims because we knew it would be hard going, and volcano scaling is a sport in which neither of us was particularly practised.

At first we walked over great smooth slabs of grey-green lava, the deposit of eruptions of long ago. Across this we went easily enough, almost briskly.

The next terrain was a more recent flow, if such a smooth word can be applied to an incredibly rough, rubbly, friable mass of red-brown lava, strewn acres wide and yards deep, without a smooth inch anywhere, and every spot ready to topple and crumble at a touch. What looked like solid rock would collapse beneath my feet and precipitate me into a pit, lined everywhere with jagged points; or a gentle slope would become a combination of landslide and cascade, and hurtle a hundred saw-toothed edges round my legs. Nothing was stable in this devastated land. We might almost have been traversing an earthquake zone, so uncertainly did we waver and stagger across

this gigantic dumping ground.

We were confronted by a deep gully, and, after some pondering on the best way down, we plunged, slipped, and rolled to the bottom and toiled up the other side, consoling ourselves with the belief that we

(Continued on page 240.)

WHEN LAVA AND PACIFIC MEET: AN "EXCLUSIVE" SPECTACLE.

PHOTOGRAPHS EXCLUSIVE TO "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS."



A SIGHT NEVER BEFORE RECORDED IN THE HISTORY OF THE NORTHERN END OF ALBEMARLE: RIVERS OF LAVA POURING INTO THE PACIFIC FROM THE ISLAND, WHILE THE BEEBE PARTY LOOK ON.



SPILLING OVER THE EDGE OF THE ISLAND AND SENDING UP CLOUDS OF STEAM AS THEY MEET THE COLDER WATER: NINE GREAT STREAMS OF LAVA ENTER THE PACIFIC.

The Beebe party were lucky enough to see the northern end of Albemarle Island in eruption—an experience never before recorded. "The abrupt banks of old, cold lava that lined the coast turned into frowning cliffs as we drew near," writes Professor Beebe, "and heavy breakers dashed against them. . . . At dark we were lying only about a mile off shore. . . . Later molten lava spilled

down the incline, till the whole black slope was smeared with slowly writhing streams creeping toward the sea, while deep-throated rumbles came from invisible upheavals. . . . Our volcano did not become any more violent as the days passed, but continued to burn in a steady, determined way." Our pictures give a vivid idea of this unique sight.

A PILGRIM IN SEARCH OF PUBLICITY:

LADY HESTER STANHOPE IN THE EAST.

"THE CIRCE OF THE DESERTS." By PAULE HENRY-BORDEAUX.*

ECCENTRICITY was born in Lady Hester Stanhope. Her paternal grandfather was that Earl Stanhope who forbade his son to powder his hair on the occasion of his presentation at Court, "because," he pretended, "wheat was too dear." Her grandfather on the distaff side was that famous Earl of Chatham who had, "by the side of his great intellectual faculties, the detestable mania of enveloping the most anodyne acts of life with an impenetrable mystery which kept all his entourage on the alert and in suspense."

Her father was the Republican, "Minority of One," scientific Earl Stanhope who would not be parted from his beloved silk breeches, day or night.

Her mother died when she was a child. Her step-mother was "an insipid creature without interest in anything, who divided her time—Oh! in a very equal way—between her toilet-table and her box at the Opera."

Hester herself "played the very devil, terrorising her governesses." Then, "her skill in protecting her brothers and sisters from the paternal experiments having attracted the attention of her uncle, William Pitt, he asked her to come and keep house for him. She was then twenty-seven."

Thus it was that she became "more than Minister"—the "Great Commoner's" secretary and right hand; the confidante of the "Minister of Preparations," as Mirabeau had it; an awarder of titles, pensions, and favours. Courtied and cajoled, mordant in her wit, majestically rude and as majestically pleasing, she swept devastatingly through a Society of sycophants, an imperious pilgrim in search of publicity who was as feared as she was flattered.

She was not beautiful. "Take each feature of my face separately and put them on the table," she said; "not one of them will bear examination. Put them together and illuminated, they are not bad. It is a homogeneous ugliness, nothing more." She was, in fact, Amazonian in body as in mind: "she was six feet in height and was developed in proportion. . . . She triumphantly waved her foot; a foot so long and so arched that a kitten might easily run about on it." She thought as a man; behaved, she believed, as a man; but she found her sex of value, nevertheless, and no doubt played consciously upon her knowledge of its appeal.

With the death of her patron, she fell. The King granted her a pension of £1200; but "she was henceforth outside everything, and she had to witness the triumph of Pitt's enemies, the forgetfulness of his services. In pique, she determined to travel; to leave England never to return. And so, on the misty morning of Feb. 10, 1810, she sailed from Portsmouth on the frigate *Jason*, bound for Gibraltar.

Her wanderings had begun—and an astounding new life, an amazing, flamboyant progress of feminine masculinity which astonished many into obedience and made them slaves to superiority. From a conquest of the West, she strode to a conquest of the East. The egg and the arrow, Life and Death, were alike to her. She scared her companions; wounded with a word and killed with a look. She rode and roared as well as any man-at-arms; held spell-bound desert powers, the robber and the murderer.

She met all sorts and conditions of men—and few were as unsympathetic as Byron! "Lady Hester, who prided herself upon being a physiognomist, considered his eyes defective; the only thing that pleased her was the ringlet on his forehead. . . . Byron made the best of the situation: that is to say, by separating without delay from this Britannic Juno. The doctor, less stern, saw Byron more often. He remarked his singular manner of entering a drawing-room, making skilful détours from chair to chair, so far as that which he had chosen, anxious to conceal

his lameness, which this manœuvre, after all, made the more apparent."

She saw all kinds of places. From Gibraltar she went to Malta, and thence to Zante at raisin-harvest time. Corinth and Athens welcomed her cordially enough, and it was written: "Greece is therefore now the country whither the English flock to cure the spleen." At Constantinople she watched the procession of Sultan Mahmoud to the mosque, her face unveiled, inviting insult, and she visited the Turkish fleet, in the dress of an officer: "Breeches, a military cloak and a hat with a plume," she retorted when reproached, "are no doubt a more indecent costume than that of your fine madams half-naked in their ball-dresses." On the way to Alexandria she was wrecked, and found refuge on a rock from which she was landed in a hamlet, "miserable and leprous."

while police cudgelled quietude into the crowd; the Emir Bechir, Prince of the Druses, invited her to visit him and she went to Deir-el-Kammar, "the convent of the moon," and saw Beit-ud-Din, that "Palace of the Waters" in whose great hall, it was whispered, was "a ceiling of such beauty that the delighted emir had, by way of recompense, caused the two hands of the artist to be cut off, in order that he might never be able to begin another."

So to Damascus, the Porte of the Desert, which she entered madly, mounted and with face uncovered—and so conquered the Damascenes that "they sprinkled coffee under her horse's feet, in accordance with custom, to do her honour." And to world-famous Palmyra—"the Syrian desert has only one Palmyra, as the sky has only one sun"—the

Palmyra she attained after seemingly insurmountable difficulties and at which she was welcomed by "living statues" posing amidst the glorious ruins. "By what was in former times a monumental staircase, but was now only dust, she arrived at the Temple of the Sun," a tourist Zenobia. Her reign was brief, for the Faydians intervened; and she had to be content with the title of Queen bestowed upon her by the Bedouins who "made her enter their tribe, giving her, as to a child of the desert, the right of recommending travellers."

Still unsatiated, Lady Hester marched regally. At Baalbek she walked musingly in the Temple; near Ehden she rode into the Monastery of St. Anthony on a she-ass, violating precincts forbidden not only to women, but to anything female, not without protest, but without the earth opening or the monks defying her firman from the Sultan. To get to Sidon and Ascalon, she invented a story of treasure concealed in the ruins, played upon Oriental cupidity, and intrigued a Capugi Bachi, a Capugi Bachi who was demanding her with hue and cry, "and everyone knows that a Capugi Bachi does not come into a province except to give orders for strangulation, hanging, imprisonment and the bastinado, never for an agreeable object." Above all, she avenged the murder of Colonel Boutin, of the French Engineers, by forcing Soliman Pasha to send a punitive force into the mountain stronghold of the Hashishim, the assassins; a force that burned fifty-two villages, killed three hundred Assassins, and violated the Sacred Tombs, throwing into the torrents the ashes of the Imams!

And then Lady Hester, not wishing to meet the Princess of Wales on her arrival in Syria, chose to live for a while among the very people upon whom she had brought such cruel punishment! "The Assassins, astonished at meeting in a woman a contempt for death equal to their own, decided that to respect this life to which she seemed to attach no value would be for them a superior vengeance."

They were right. Of a certainty the redoubtable Lady Hester would rather have died dramatically at their hands than as she did at Djoun, on June 23, 1839, amidst hirelings, "overwhelmed by old age, oblivion and ill-health, straightening her tall figure to make head against the pack of creditors and Jewish usurers."

There we leave this strange eventful history of high courage and firm resolve. "The Circe of the Deserts" tells it at length and with a fulness of romantic detail that gives it fascination. Mme. Henry-Bordeaux is to be congratulated upon her choice of subject and her treatment of it.—E. H. G.



"THE CIRCE OF THE DESERTS": LADY HESTER STANHOPE.

Reproduced from "The Circe of the Deserts," by Courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. Hurst and Blackett.

At Rhodes, "finding herself very much at her ease with her Turkish robe, her turban and her burnous," she "decreed that she should travel thus henceforth."

She sailed the Nile from Rosetta to Cairo, and there visited the Pasha, arrayed in wild magnificence as a Berber.

Then Syria and Palestine, partly because of the prediction that "she would go one day to Jerusalem and would lead the Chosen People," made by Brothers, once a lieutenant in the Navy, and a fanatic who had warned King George III. that he would have to lay down his crown after the revelation of his informant's person "to the Hebrews of London as their prince, and to all the nations as their governor."

Perhaps she half-believed in the prophecy; perhaps not. But, at least, she would have been ready and willing! She queened it perfectly and passionately. "The great sheik Abu Ghosh, who held in his hands the keys of Jerusalem," received her courteously; monks opened the door of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre with all solemnity and "came in procession to meet her, carrying lighted candles,"

OUR ANAGLYPHS.

Readers who have not yet obtained one of the special masks for viewing our Anaglyphs in stereoscopic relief may do so by filling up the coupon on page 244, and forwarding it with postage stamps value three-halfpence (Inland) or two-pence-halfpenny (Foreign), addressed to "The Illustrated London News" (Anaglyph), 15, Essex St., London, W.C.2.

* "The Circe of the Deserts: A Biography of Lady Hester Stanhope." By Paule Henry-Bordeaux. (Hurst and Blackett; 12s. 6d. net.)

A FINE FRANZ HALS OR A GREAT FORGERY?



CONDEMNED BY EXPERTS—AS SHOWING SOFTNESS OF PAINT, THE USE OF PIGMENTS NOT INVENTED UNTIL THE EIGHTEENTH AND NINETEENTH CENTURIES, AND MODERN NAILS: A MYSTERY PICTURE CHAMPIONED BY DR. C. HOFSTEDÉ DE GROOT.

THIS picture, bought in 1923 for 50,000 florins, on the recommendation of the well-known Dutch authority, Dr. C. Hofstede de Groot, has since figured in the Dutch law-courts in a rather sensational case. The Judge finally referred the matter to a committee of experts, consisting of three members—Sir Charles Holmes, Director of the National Gallery, London; Dr. W. Martin, Director of the Maruitshuis; and Dr. Scheffer, Professor of Inorganic Chemistry at Delft. The committee's report, unanimously condemning the picture as a modern forgery, was issued in April of this year. The report bases its condemnation upon the soft character of the paint, the presence of artificial ultramarine (invented about 1820), of so-called "Thénard blue" (invented 1826), of zinc white, which has only been made on a large scale since 1781, and on the presence of modern nails beneath the paint. The defendant in the case did not wait for judgment, but promptly took the picture back, and paid the costs. Connoisseurs will be interested to learn that Dr. de Groot has now courageously backed his published opinion of the genuineness of the picture by buying it; and is at present engaged in investigating what may, after all, turn out to be an insoluble problem. In the meantime he points out that the expert

committee was evidently unaware that the restorer through whose hands the picture passed before its sale, M. Van Wijngaarder, had invented a process by which any old pigment could be rendered soft and dissolvable in water—which fact would, on the face of it, seem to dispose of the first point in the committee's report. Dr. de Groot also says that he has the best of reasons for knowing that the restorer put the two suspected nails in himself. As to the purely chemical aspect of the problem, other chemists assert that, on the evidence published in the report, it is by no means proved that the ultramarine is not natural lapis lazuli, and that zinc white was known to the ancient Greeks, and is easily made by melting zinc and exposing it to the air. Dr. de Groot has not yet found evidence bearing upon the remaining point—that of the so-called "Thénard blue"—but remarks that the committee should have made sure they were examining substances belonging to the original picture by first freeing the panel from all pigment that might have been added in later restorations. It will doubtless be many years before expert opinion will be found to be in agreement upon the very pretty little problem presented by this fine picture—for fine it undoubtedly is, whatever its real age.

THE AMAZING SALE: A £4830 WATER-COLOUR; A £7350 OIL.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY COURTESY OF MESSRS. CHRISTIE, MANSON, AND WOODS.



A SARGENT
WATER-COLOUR
SOLD FOR £4830:
"A SIDE CANAL,
VENICE." (14 IN.
BY 20 IN.)



A SARGENT
OIL-PAINTING
SOLD FOR £7350:
"SAN VIGILIO:
A BOAT WITH
GOLDEN SAIL."
(22 IN. BY 28 IN.)

In "The Illustrated London News" of July 11 last, we reproduced a number of the pictures by the late John Singer Sargent, R.A., which fetched such amazing prices during the sale at Christie's on the 24th and 27th. We repeat two, giving them on a larger scale—a water-colour that fetched 4600 guineas, and an oil-painting sold for 7000 guineas. On the first day, the 78 water-colour drawings offered realised £53,319, an astonishing total when it is recalled

that the few Sargent drawings previously in the market were sold at from £100 to £370. Another water-colour—"The Salute, Venice; With a Barge on the Canal"—was knocked down for 3200 guineas; and another—"The Doge's Palace, Venice; With Boats on the Riva degli Schiavoni"—for 2300 guineas. As noted above, amongst the oil-paintings, "San Vigilio; A Boat with Golden Sail," was sold for 7000 guineas. The Sargents sold on the second day realised £29,276 2s.

THE AMAZING SALE: THE SARGENTS UNDER THE HAMMER.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, STEVEN SPURRIER, R.O.I.



THE £175,260 SARGENT SALE: THE SCENE AT CHRISTIE'S DURING THE KNOCKING-DOWN OF THE SARGENT WATER-COLOURS AND OIL-PAINTINGS.

The sale of pictures and water-colour drawings by J. S. Sargent, R.A., which took place at Christie's on July 24 and 27, broke all records for sales of modern pictures, a fact made obvious by the figures for the first day—£145,984 15s. for 162 lots! Something of the sort had been anticipated, for the "viewing" days had been exceptionally crowded by Society people and by dealers, and it was known that the United States were much interested. None, however, anticipated

so remarkable a result. There was some disappointment when the study in oils of Mme. Gautreau was withdrawn, Sir Joseph Duveen having bought it by arrangement with the artist's sisters, Mrs. Ormond and Miss Sargent, for presentation to the National Gallery of British Art—a fact of special interest, this, for the finished picture of Mme. Gautreau is in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

SPORT has acquired a large literature of its own. If it no longer inspires masterpieces of high poetry, such as Pindar's Odes or Homer's picture of the funeral games, yet even now foxhunting and racing have no mean epic singer in John Masefield, and sport in its various forms has produced a great mass of popular prose, especially in the vein of reminiscence.

A delightful book of this type is "FIFTY YEARS OF SPORT," by Lieut.-Colonel E. D. Miller, C.B.E., D.S.O., D.L., J.P., with a Foreword by Lieut.-General Sir Beauvoir de Lisle, K.C.B., K.C.M.G., D.S.O. (Hurst and Blackett; 21s. net). It is illustrated with many photographs of sporting scenes and characters from the author's experience in Europe and India.

To the world of polo and hunting the author needs no introduction, but for the benefit of the general reader I cannot do better than borrow a few words from General de Lisle's preface: "Although Colonel Miller is generally known more as a polo player, this has been but one of the many sports in which he has taken a prominent part. He has hunted all his life. . . . When in India with the 17th Lancers, and, later, on several visits, he joined shooting expeditions in Kashmir and Nepal, and was well known as a pig-sticker at Cawnpore and Behar. To this may be added big-game shooting in East Africa. . . . As a polo player, organiser, and manager, Ted Miller stands alone. . . . As the Chairman of the County Polo Association, of the National Pony Society, of the Hurlingham Polo Handicapping Committee, he has worked as hard for the public good as he did as a soldier in the field."

When I began the book, and read the quotation from Adam Lindsay Gordon which heads the opening chapter—

No game was ever yet worth a rap
For a rational man to play,
Into which no accident, no mishap,
Could possibly find its way—

the thought occurred to me that, as a Londoner who gets nothing more exciting than lawn-tennis, and even in a now somewhat mythical youth never played anything more perilous than cricket and "Rugger," I might in reading such a work have a sense of being considered beyond the pale of sportsmanship. It was comforting, therefore, a few pages on in the chapter about his boyhood days, to find Colonel Miller saying: "Well do I remember the introduction of lawn-tennis, which first came as a sort of glorified badminton, with an india-rubber ball in place of a shuttlecock. The first nets were very high and the court very short. Gradually the net was lowered and the court lengthened till the pat-ball of those days developed into the present most excellent game."

Even before arriving at the passage quoted, which is typical of his width of interest in sporting matters, I had been set at ease by the spirit of genial humour in which he describes his early foxhunting experiences, which began in Hertfordshire in 1872, when he was only seven. The same spirit pervades the whole book, and makes it one that can be read with pleasure, even by those whose knowledge of sport is of the slightest. It is enjoyable, partly because of its easy style, as of a pleasant after-dinner conversation, and partly because the writer is no exclusive specialist, but is interested in men and women as human beings, apart from their pursuits; and in animals as animals, rather than merely as targets. The book is at once an autobiography and a survey of a period, bringing in countless people and incidents and many an amusing anecdote. Having begun the book one evening, I read on far beyond the hour when a respectable householder should be reposing in bed.

Colonel Miller recalls memories of his schooldays, first at a fashionable private school, where there was a good deal of bullying and the headmaster showed favouritism

to "a German princeling"; and later at Harrow, where he spent four happy years. In 1883 he went up to Trinity, Cambridge, where he "got into a very cheery set," and work proved less attractive than cricket and football, hunting and beagling. One story of this time relates to J. E. K. Studd, the cricketer. "He was very religious, and on one occasion . . . he told a member of a celebrated county XI., then a Cambridge Blue, that he believed the millennium was coming. His friend, not being quite so well up in these matters as his captain, replied, 'Are they? What sort of a team are they bringing?'"

For twelve years Colonel Miller's home was at Betchworth, near Epsom, and of course he always went over there in Derby week. In 1884 he saw the only dead-heat in the history of the race, between St. Gatien and Harvester. A note which he quotes on this interesting event said: "There seems to be considerable doubt as to St. Gatien's pedigree, but a writer of that day is of opinion that he was the son of a horse who was for many years in the shafts of an Epsom cab." The allusion has a particular interest for a house-mate of *The Illustrated London News*, as Colonel Miller adds: "The above note is by Mr. W. J. Moore, of the *Sporting and Dramatic*, and my book owes a great deal to that brilliant journalist, who arranged selections from it for serialisation in his paper."

In 1886 Colonel Miller sailed for India in the old troopship *Jumna*, with other young subalterns, and during the

held the boar off with his hands. But this actually occurred to my brother-in-law."

On the subject of Indian politics Colonel Miller is scornful of the new régime. "The destinies of our greatest dependency," he writes, "appear to be at the mercy of politicians ignorant of the country. The late Mr. Montagu's hurried visit, with the openly avowed intention of 'rousing the Indian millions from their pathetic content,' has had the most disastrous results."

The next chapter describes a short period of service in Egypt, during the winter of 1890-91, "which I look back upon," says Colonel Miller, "as the best six months of my life," that is, from the point of view of sport. "Colonel Kitchener I used to meet," he says, "at the clubs and on the racecourse at Gezireh. . . . I did not know then what a great man I was so lucky as to meet, but I was attracted by his quiet observant manners in society, and his dry and rather cynical humour. . . . I remember one kindly remark he once made, when a lady who was known to possess rather a bitter tongue was commenting sharply on the conduct of a young officer who was making himself conspicuous with a very pretty married lady. He stopped her with the remark, 'If it were necessary, which I very much doubt, I personally would forgive a woman as beautiful and charming as she is, and a man as good a sportsman as he is, a great deal.'"

Lord Kitchener never forgot me, and was very kind to me ten years later in the South African War."

Colonel Miller relates his experiences in the Great War, and those of his elder son, who was killed in the Archangel campaign. "Many people thought," he writes, "that the Armistice was granted too soon, but all the soldiers in the higher commands were very thankful when it came, for on our advance we were killing far too many of the helpless Belgians with our shell-fire." His own enquiries in Belgium tended to acquit the Germans of some of the atrocities attributed to them. Colonel Miller concludes a deeply interesting book with an account of polo in the United States, and pays a hearty tribute to American hospitality.

Under the spur of sport, my pen has rather run away with me, and being already "in the straight," with the post in sight, I have but a brief space left for another entertaining book, "IN MY ANECDOTAGE," by W. G. Elliot, with 8 illustrations (Philip Allan; 12s. 6d. net). The position is less serious than it might be, because the volume consists of a succession of humorous yarns, and a reviewer's best course—short to recommend them. That

of retailing them—is simply I can do without hesitation.

Mr. Elliot is well known as a witty raconteur, and his acquaintance in society has been very extensive. Though the stage is his main interest, there is a link with sport in the fact that his book was suggested by, and is dedicated to, a notable sportsman, the late Lord Willoughby de Broke. Moreover, he himself at Eton was captain of his house cricket and football teams, and at Cambridge, where, like Colonel Miller, he was at Trinity, he got his Blue for the long jump in three successive years.

At Eton he was a contemporary of Mr. Arthur Bourchier, and the head boy of his house is now Field Marshal Lord Plumer. At Cambridge, the A.D.C. was the great attraction for him, and when he came down, he went on the stage at the Haymarket, under Sir Squire and Lady Bancroft. Besides his theatrical reminiscences, Mr. Elliot has good stories to tell of his homeland, the Scottish border, for he comes of the famous Minto family, which has produced, among other distinguished men, two Viceroy of India. In literary matters he is able to give a little incident (probably new) in the life of Scott, the name of the lady who was the original of Becky Sharp, and the source from which Barrie got the idea of "Mary Rose."—C. E. B.



BEQUEATHED TO THE NATION BY LORD CURZON OF KEDLESTON: TATTERSHALL CASTLE, LINCOLNSHIRE.

That Tattershall Castle whose glorious ruins were bequeathed to the nation by Lord Curzon of Kedleston was built by Ralph, third Baron Cromwell, Lord High Treasurer under Henry VI. When, in 1911, it was likely to be acquired for America—and some of its famous fireplaces had actually been taken away—it was purchased and restored by Lord Curzon, with a view to its ultimate presentation to the nation.—[Photograph by C. Friih.]

voyage they decided to rag some young medical officers who had better accommodation on board. "We got a bucket of water, which I heaved through the porthole, so as to wash the surgeon out of bed. But somehow we made a mistake in the cabin, and to our horror, a R.H.A. Major, named Anderson . . . emerged in a dripping condition." However, "he was very kind indeed when he had us up in the morning. . . . The next time I met Major Anderson was at my own wedding, for I married his niece thirteen years later, and we had a good laugh over an episode which had taught me an excellent lesson." It was in 1899 that Colonel Miller married the daughter of Colonel Langtry of the 8th Hussars, and it is to her that his book is dedicated. Of his life in India, Colonel Miller has many good things to tell. He speaks of the kindness shown him by Lord Roberts (then Sir Frederick Roberts, Commander-in-Chief), and adds: "I met him frequently in after life, and I always look on him and Lord Dufferin (the then Viceroy) as the greatest gentlemen that I ever had the honour of knowing." When he went to Simla in 1887, "Rudyard Kipling was just beginning to be talked about as a very original newspaper correspondent, journalist and writer of short poems and stories." The Colonel had many adventures with boars, bears, and tigers. "I once read," he says, "what I thought was an absurd story in one of Ouida's novels, in which it is related of the hero that he had a fall pig-sticking, and

LEFT TO THE NATION BY LORD CURZON: A HISTORIC RELIC.



ONCE A SEAT OF AUTOCRACY ; NOW THE PEOPLE'S PROPERTY : BODIAM CASTLE ; AND THE MOAT, ITS CHIEF DEFENCE.

Bodiam Castle, in Sussex, which, with Tattershall Castle, was bequeathed to the nation by the late Marquess Curzon of Kedleston, is a stately old moated castle, and derives its name from the de Bodiam family, who held the manor under the Earls of Eu from the Conquest until 1250. The Wordeux family were then the manorial lords until 1370, when, the male line failing, the heiress married Sir Edward Dalyngruge, who built the existing Castle in 1386. The last notable event in the history of the Castle itself is its dismantling by Waller in the Civil War,

its then owner, Sir Lewis Lewknor, being a staunch Royalist. As it now stands, the Castle, which Lord Curzon bought with the surrounding estates in 1916, is merely a picturesque relic. Unlike the majority of kindred strongholds, it is in a low-lying situation, its chief defence having been the deep moat which still surrounds it. A causeway, which has replaced the drawbridge, gives access to the interior, which has fallen into ruin. Provision is made in Lord Curzon's will for the joint maintenance of Bodiam and Tattershall Castles.

CUT OUT OF THE RED ROCK: SUNKEN CHURCHES OF LALIBELA.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MRS. ROSITA FORBES. (SEE ARTICLE ON PAGE 212.)



SHOWING THE TWO INHABITED LEVELS: A COURT AT LALIBELA, THE RED ROCK CITY WHOSE LARGEST CHURCHES ARE IN PITS, WITH THEIR ROOFS AT GROUND-LEVEL.



IN THE COURT OF THE CHURCH THAT IS "THE HOUSE OF MARIAM": THE REMARKABLE CARVED-ROCK FAÇADE OF THE SACROSANCT PIT IN WHICH THE BUILDING STANDS.



IN A PIT FORTY-FIVE YARDS LONG; AND WITH ITS ROOF AT GROUND-LEVEL: THE BIG CHURCH MADANE ALEM, WITH BASE APPROXIMATELY THIRTY-EIGHT YARDS LONG AND TWENTY-SEVEN BROAD.



SHOWING (SOME TWENTY-FIVE FEET BELOW THE GROUND-LEVEL) A PARTIALLY BLOCKED-UP TUNNEL ENTRANCE: A ROCK-HEWN CLEFT LEADING TO LALIBELA.



HEWN OUT OF A SINGLE BLOCK; AND BELOW GROUND-LEVEL: THE FAÇADE OF THE GREAT CHURCH MADANE ALEM—ABOUT THIRTY-EIGHT YARDS LONG.

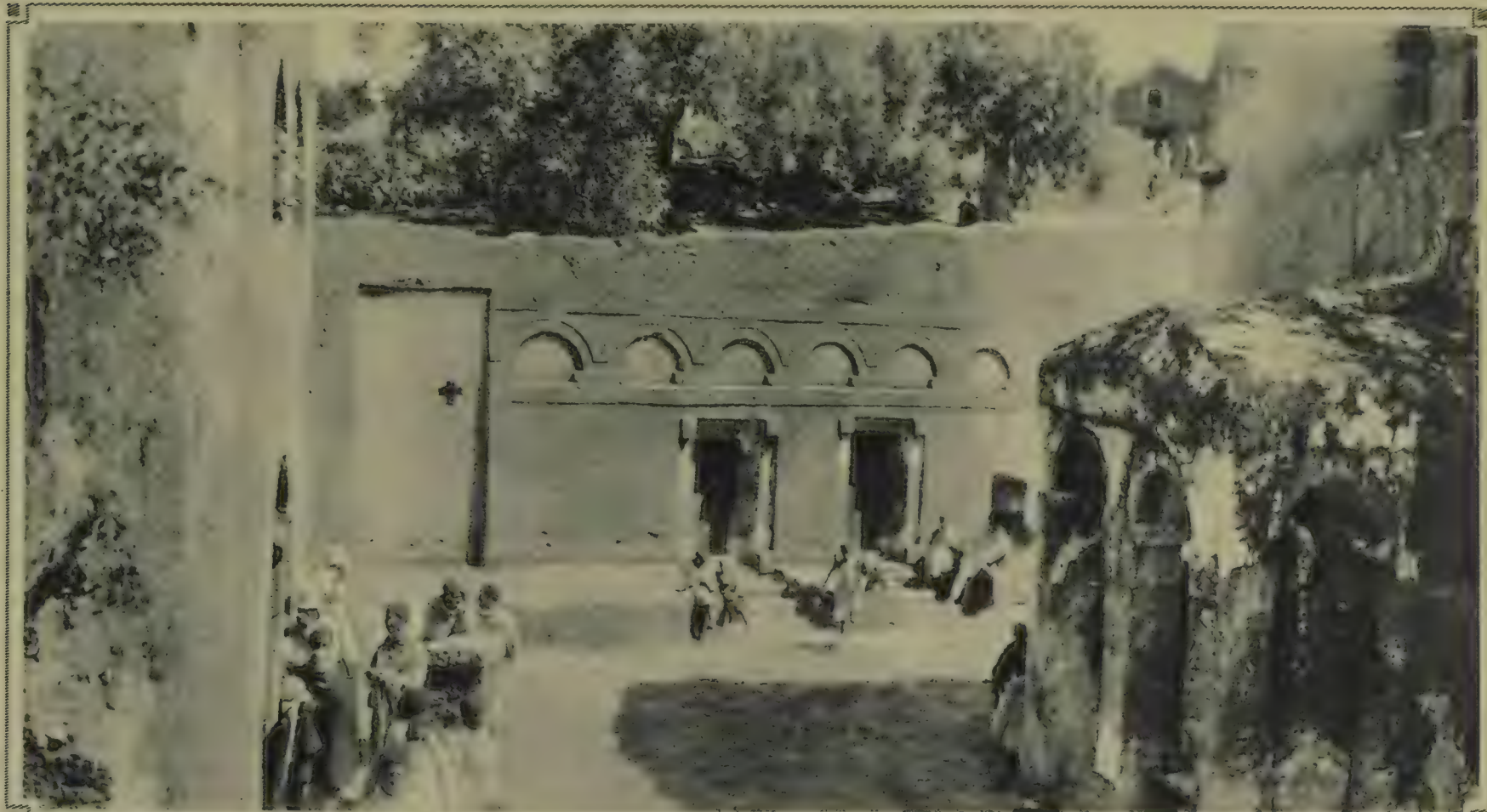
The churches of the red-rock city of Lalibela, in Northern Abyssinia, recently visited by that daring explorer, Mrs. Rosita Forbes, are said to have been constructed by a King Lalibela who reigned at the end of the twelfth century and the beginning of the thirteenth. Probably, however, a number of them are of earlier date, as there are in existence manuscripts which, if authentic, prove that the King developed and completed a task begun seven hundred years before.

So heavy was the labour, says legend, that a legion of angels worked by night, continuing the efforts of the sleeping sculptors and masons who worked by day; so that "by starlight and by sunlight each church grew to completion." There are now eleven churches—two of them wrought out of the same mass. As Mrs. Rosita Forbes says in her article: "Each block is carved out of a single mass of stone, the roof level with the surface of the ground. The largest stand

[Continued opposite.]

FORBIDDEN TO ANYTHING FEMININE: THE CHURCH OF THE VIRGIN.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MRS. ROSITA FORBES. (SEE ARTICLE ON PAGE 212.)



WHERE THE VERY PRECINCTS ARE FORBIDDEN TO ANYTHING FEMININE—EVEN HENS AND MARES: THE COURT OF MARIAM, THE CHURCH OF THE VIRGIN; SHOWING ENTRANCES TO UNDERGROUND ROOMS.



CARVED OUT OF A SINGLE BLOCK OF RED STONE, AND WITH ITS ROOF ON THE GROUND-LEVEL: THE SUNKEN "HOUSE OF MARIAM," SMALLER OF THE FINEST CHURCHES OF LALIBELA.

Continued.

in courtyards which are great oblong pits, some forty feet deep. The ground immediately round the churches is enclosed by a cane fence, and the priests' huts creep up to the edge of the sunken courts. These are joined one to the other by low tunnels, through which a man cannot walk upright. The natural walls between two such yards are twenty to thirty feet thick. . . . The two finest churches are . . . the colossal Madane Alem and Mariam, separated only

by a great bastion through which run tunnels that look like rabbit-holes. . . . No women are allowed to enter Mariam, the church of the Virgin. In most places even the precincts of such buildings are forbidden to anything feminine, and neither mare nor sheep, hen nor duck, may be brought into the priests' courts." Christianity, by the way, was introduced into Abyssinia as early as the fourth century, by Frumentius.

THE CITY OF SUNKEN CHURCHES: RED LALIBELA— IN NORTHERN ABYSSINIA.

By Mrs. Rosita Forbes, the Distinguished Explorer, who returned from Abyssinia recently.

THREE thousand years ago the Queen of Sheba bore a son to Solomon. According to legend, this boy was Menelik I., heir, through his mother, Maqueda, to the throne of Axum in Northern Abyssinia. The story runs that he was educated at Jerusalem until he was twenty-one. When the time came for him to return to his own people, Solomon, about to be bereft of the son he loved, ordered that a thousand eldest sons from each tribe of Israel should accompany his own into exile. Among these youths was a son of the High Priest, and his was the daring idea to steal the treasure of Jerusalem, the tablets of Moses hidden in the Ark of the Covenant within the Temple's Holy of Holies.

The plan was successfully carried out, and the boys escaped by night with their spoil. The armies of Solomon pursued them, but the fugitives were aided by the miraculous powers of the thing they carried. Hard pressed on the borders of Axum, they were within sight of the avenging host, when the rocks opened to give them passage and closed behind them in the face of their enemies. The subterranean cleft led to Axum, but the Ark had to be left in the bowels of the mountain, either because the only natural opening was too small to admit of its passage, or because Menelik, having withdrawn the precious tablets and carried them to a place of safety, returned to find the earth had closed.

According to legend, the Ark of the Covenant is still hidden in the rocks, while the Tables of the Law are preserved in the church at Axum.

Menelik and his followers converted Ethiopia to Judaism, and, though there is a story that St. Luke visited the country in A.D. 40, Christianity was not introduced till the fourth century of our era, when Frumentius, original Bishop of Axum, built the first of the round or octagonal churches which now crown every hill. So strangely does Judaism still impinge on Abyssinian Christianity that almost every church has a central tabernacle wherein are preserved copies of the Mosaic tablets. Once a year, at the great feast of Epiphany, the Arks which hold these tables are borne in procession through the towns to keep a night's vigil by the water, which is blessed at dawn.

Abyssinia is a land of ancient violence, and, girt by forest and mountain, desert and river, she offers every contrast, religious and political, geographical and social. Christian while Europe was pagan, unconquered during the 3000 years of her known history, though rent by unending civil war, she stands apart from the Africa out of which she has evolved. Throughout the ages the Negus has dealt on equal terms with Europe. In turn, Portugal, France, England, and Italy have treated for the friendship of the Ethiopian kings, and, with the exception of Lord Napier's expedition to free the English prisoners at Magdala, the only time that Abyssinia has come into direct conflict with a European Power resulted in a native victory at Adua, where the Italians, outnumbered and misinformed, were defeated by the late Menelik. Thus, though Abyssinia maintains century-old customs and superstitions, though the modern seems so lightly imposed on the incredibly ancient, though the feudal system, the Law of Moses, Biblical instruments and industries, mediæval savagery exist beside the railway and the telephone, the essence of the land to me is not raw native Africa, but the romance of an age-old history. The country which sent a Queen to Solomon, conquered Arabia, traded with the India of the Moguls, sheltered

the persecuted followers of the Prophet, chose the Quixotic Christoforo da Gama as ally in its crusades against Islam, defeated Italy, and still holds the balance between the claims of France and England, is surely more truly represented by the monoliths of Axum, the fortress palaces of Gondar, and the unique rock churches of Lalibela than by the ritual and omen, custom and superstition, which are the marks of Africa.



A TROGLODYTE SANCTUARY: THE ENTRANCE TO THE CHURCH LIBANOS—THE FAÇADE REINFORCED WITH SUN-BAKED BRICKS SET IN PLACE AT A DATE LATER THAN THAT OF THE ORIGINAL BUILDING.

Photograph by Mrs. Rosita Forbes.

So it was always the north which attracted me, and with each day's march through mountains of loose rock apparently pinned together with thorns, I thought of the treasures hidden in the little-known northern



IN THE SOLID RED ROCK OF THE CITY: A TUNNEL ENTRANCE TO LALIBELA.—[Photograph by Mrs. Rosita Forbes.]

provinces that were once a keystone of the world's two greatest faiths.

From Dire Dawa it took us fifty-one days, by a roundabout route whose greatest attraction was the

amount of ground it covered, to reach Lalibela. We lost one man and a dozen mules on gradients so steep that they were more suitable for centipedes, before we arrived among the cones of Lasta, with scarcely a garment or a piece of saddlery intact. We camped on a ridge above the carpet of huts which hides the red rock city. The first night at Lalibela a storm flattened our tents, and it was after hours of battling with torn canvas and scattered pegs

that we visited the eleven churches famous from the descriptions of the Portuguese Father Alvarez, who discovered them for Europe early in the sixteenth century. Since then, few Europeans have penetrated the sanctuary of Lasta, but-tressed by her ranges, moated by her rivers. The honour was divided between a German, the famous Rohlf, and two Frenchmen before the French Minister at Addis Abeba, M. de Coppet and his wife, passed through in 1923, followed by an American, and later by Mr. Jones and myself.

The rock churches of Lalibela are supposed to have been constructed by a king of the same name who reigned at the end of the twelfth and beginning of the thirteenth centuries, but it is probable that many of them date from an earlier period. The priests possess manuscripts written in Arabic and Geze which,

if authentic, would show that the king developed and completed a task begun 700 years previously. According to M. de Coppet, Lalibela and his wife (generally stated to have been an Arab woman from Palestine) brought back with them from a pilgrimage to Jerusalem an Arab architect with several hundred workmen. To them, or, according to other authorities, to 600 Egyptian slaves, was entrusted the task of hewing out of the solid red rock the great monolith masses, of carving windows and doors, arches, aisles, and columns. Legend says the labour was mightier than human muscles could cope with, so every night, while sculptors and masons slept, a legion of angels took up their tools and continued the work through the darkness. Consequently, each morning the workmen found some mighty column added or new court begun. For years the hosts of heaven and the strangers from Nile or Jordan worked in turn. By starlight and by sunlight each church grew to completion. There are eleven of them now, but two are twins wrought out of the same massif, so the priests, whose memories are amusingly defective, have to count up several times on their fingers, consult, and calculate, before announcing that there are ten "houses of the Christians." Each block is carved out of a single mass of stone, the roof level with the surface of the ground. The largest stand in courtyards which are great oblong pits, some forty feet deep. The ground immediately round the churches is enclosed by a cane fence, and the priests' huts creep up to the edge of the sunken courts. These are joined one to the other by low tunnels, through which a man cannot walk upright. The natural walls between two such yards are twenty to thirty feet thick, and, from the top of one, it is possible to get an impression of the labour expended on this labyrinth of excavated corridor and court, church, porch, and colonnade.

The two finest churches are, I think, the colossal Madane Alem and Mariam, separated only by a great bastion through which run tunnels that look like rabbit-holes. The base of the first, which projects a few feet beyond its walls, is approximately thirty-eight yards long and twenty-seven broad, while the subterranean court in which it stands is forty-five yards long

(Continued on page 238.)

COATS OFF IN THE "MONKEYVILLE" COURT: THE EVOLUTION TRIAL.

PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY TOPICAL PRESS.



THE WAISTCOAT-LESS ATTORNEYS FOR THE PROSECUTION: JUDGE MCKENZIE; WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN, JNR.; ATTORNEY HICKS; WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN, SEN. (WITHOUT COLLAR; LEANING FORWARD); AND PROSECUTOR WHITE (LEFT TO RIGHT).



CALLING THE COURT TO ORDER: JUDGE RAULSTON WIELDS HIS HAMMER.



WITH HIS DECISION, UPHOLDING THE INDICTMENT OF MR. J. T. SCOPES: JUDGE RAULSTON AT HIS DESK IN THE DAYTON COURT-HOUSE.



FANNED BY POLICE-OFFICER RICE! JUDGE RAULSTON READING HIS DECISION SUPPORTING THE VALIDITY OF THE ANTI-EVOLUTION LAW.

The extraordinary anti-evolution trial at Dayton, Tennessee, resulted in a verdict of guilty against Mr. J. T. Scopes, who was charged with teaching the theory of evolution in a publicly supported school contrary to law. The defendant was fined a hundred dollars. On the previous afternoon, Judge Raulston had adjourned the Court to the shade of the maple-trees in Court House Square, fearing that the weight of the spectators would cause the collapse of the Court House floor.

The jury took only seven minutes to decide upon their verdict. The late William Jennings Bryan was the chief Prosecutor, and he was examined as to his beliefs by the agnostic Mr. Clarence Darrow, leading counsel for the defence. Our photographs give an excellent idea of the "free-and-easy" nature of the proceedings. Dayton will evidently continue to be known by the nickname the case has brought it—"Monkeyville."

FROM INDIA TO AUSTRALIA, AND FROM CHINA TO

PHOTOGRAPHS BY C.N., PHOTOPRESS, AITKEN,



ESCORTED BY MAGISTRATES AND POLICE: A COW BEING LED TO THE SLAUGHTER-HOUSE BY WAY OF A DISPUTED ROUTE IN DELHI.



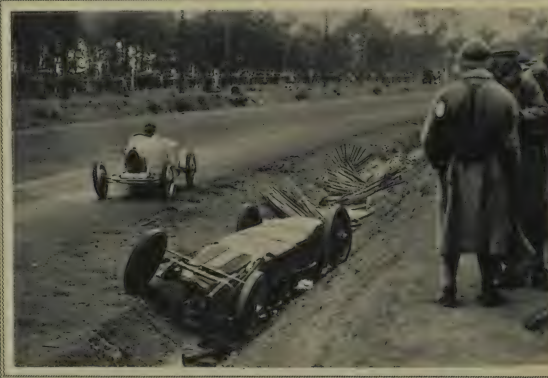
ON THE MORNING OF BAKR-ID, ONE OF THE MOST IMPORTANT MAHOMMEDAN FESTIVALS: PRAYER ON THE FAMOUS MAIDAN, AT CALCUTTA.



SALUTING THE MONUMENT AFTER HE HAD UNVEILED IT AND DURING THE DEDICATION: THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT AT THE RIFLE BRIGADE MEMORIAL.



THE B.B.C.'S NEW HIGH-POWER BROADCASTING STATION AT BOROUGHS HILL, DAVENTRY (C. XI): THE POSTMASTER-GENERAL DECLARING THE STATION OPEN.



THE FATAL 125-MILES-A-HOUR ACCIDENT IN THE GRAND PRIX DE VITESSE: ASCARI'S OVERTURNED CAR PASSED BY ANOTHER RACING CAR.

Elaborate police and military precautions were taken to prevent any breach of the peace during the Bakr-Id festivities in Delhi. Our first picture shows a cow being led along a disputed route to the slaughter-house, accompanied by magistrates and police. The Hindus objected to the cow being taken through this particular street, which is inhabited by Hindus. Mr. Gandhi denied recently that there was any split in the Swarajist Party, and declared that the prospect was bright inwardly, although outwardly gloomy. He presided at the mass meeting held on the Maidan, Calcutta, on July 1, in memory of the late Mr. C. R. Das. The Rifle Brigade Memorial is in Grosvenor Gardens, London, and was unveiled by the Duke of Connaught as Colonel-in-Chief of the Rifle Brigade. It commemorates 11,575 officers and other ranks. The deeds of Cissbury Ring, the famous prehistoric earthwork on the South Downs, near Worthing, were handed over to Lord Crawford, representing the National Trust, on July 23, and the camp was declared open to the public. Cissbury Ring has yielded traces of the making of flint implements and weapons on an extensive scale, and the Mayor of Worthing described it as "the Sheffield of the flint industry." It is 500 ft. above the sea, and commands the whole of the country except to the north. Lord Crawford said of it that its period was a matter of controversy, but they

ENGLAND AND TO FRANCE: NEWS FROM FAR AND NEAR.

S. AND G., FARRINGTON, AND TOPICAL.



AT THE MASS MEETINGS IN MEMORY OF MR. C. R. DAS: MR. GANDHI PRESIDING, ON THE MAIDAN, AT CALCUTTA.



THE WRITING ON THE WALL IN CHINA: AN INSCRIPTION ON THE ROAD TO THE WESTERN HILLS—A PHOTOGRAPH BY A BRITISH OFFICER.



THE NEW FEDERAL CAPITAL OF AUSTRALIA: THE COMMONWEALTH PARLIAMENT HOUSE UNDER CONSTRUCTION AT CANBERRA—SEEN FROM THE HOSTEL.



BURNT OUT WITH THE LOSS OF THREE LIVES—THE OWNER'S ONLY SON AND THE CHILD'S TWO NURSES: MURRAYSHALL HOUSE, NEAR PERTH.



FRENCH WOUNDED IN MOROCCO TAKEN TO A BASE HOSPITAL BY RED-CROSS AEROPLANE: A CASUALTY ARRIVING AT FEZ.



THE PUBLIC INQUIRY INTO THE CASE OF MAJOR ROBERT OSBORNE SHEPPARD, D.S.O.: THE MAJOR (CENTRE) AT THE LAW COURTS.

might be sure that it was at its height at least 4000 years ago.—Murrayshall, a house near Perth, was practically burnt out on July 25. Three lives were lost—John Graham Murray-Graham, the four-year-old and only son of Major A. J. G. Murray-Graham, of Messrs. Vivian, Gray, and Co., a member of the London Stock Exchange, and his two nurses, Misses Irene Manson and Watts.—5XX, the new high-power station of the British Broadcasting Company, at Daventry, which is the largest of its kind in the world, was opened by Sir W. Mitchell-Thomson on July 27. Its crystal range area alone is estimated to contain over twenty-two millions. Mr. Alfred Noyes wrote a special poem, which was relayed to all British stations on the occasion, a work entitled "The Dane-tree."—The Grand Prix de Vitesse, the most famous motor-race in the world, held over a 621-miles combined road and race track, at Montlhéry, was won by Benoist, in a Delage. Ascari, the great Italian driver, was killed. A portrait of him is on our Personal page.—The public inquiry ordered by the Home Secretary into the case of Major Robert Osborne Sheppard, D.S.O., who was wrongfully arrested on a charge of theft, owing to mistaken identity, opened at the Law Courts on July 27.

THE END-OF-THE-SEASON RACING: GOODWOOD, 1925.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY L.N.A.



THE "COUNTRY-HOUSE" MEETING: THE COURSE AND THE TRUNDLE, GOODWOOD'S FAMOUS "FREE STAND," ON WHOSE SLOPES THE HORSES ARE PULLED UP.



THE FINISH OF THE STEWARDS' CUP: MR. P. NELKE'S DEFIANCE WINNING—MRS. A. JAMES'S SUNSTONE, SECOND; MRS. J. BANCROFT'S PURPLE SHADE, THIRD.

Goodwood is essentially an informal "country-house" meeting, and it marks the close of the London season. As usual, the King stayed with the Duke of Richmond and Gordon at Goodwood House; but the Queen decided not to be present at the racing this year. St. Roche's Hill, more usually called The Trundle, is some

700 ft. high, and overlooks the course from the west end. At the foot of it is the winning-post, and the horses are pulled up on its main slope. It is famous as Goodwood's "free stand." Defiance won by three-quarters of a length. Half a length separated the second and third.

ROYAL COWES: YAWLS AND CUTTERS RACING DURING "THE WEEK."

FROM THE PICTURES BY CHARLES J. DE LACY. (COPYRIGHTED.)



IN A SOLDIER'S WIND: A YAWL RACE OFF OSBORNE.



BEATING UP AGAINST THE WIND: A CUTTER RACE AT THE GREAT REGATTA.

Cowes Week opens on August 3. According to present arrangements, the King and Queen will embark in the "Victoria and Albert," at Portsmouth, on Friday, the 31st, and, weather permitting, proceed straight to Cowes roadstead. The early start is due to the fact that his Majesty's yacht "Britannia" has been entered for the racing of the Royal Southampton Yacht Club, which

begins on August 1. The number of yachts in commission this season is greatly in excess of any since the War. The Royal Yacht Squadron racing starts on the 4th, when the King's Cup will be sailed for by yachts of 30 tons register and upwards under handicap terms. A "soldier's wind" by the way, is an easy wind for sailing.

THE LAST GREAT SOCIETY SPORTING EVENT OF THE SEASON: COWES WEEK.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, C. E. TURNER.



East Cowes, River Medina.

Cowes.

Royal London Yacht Club.

Cowes Castle, Headquarters of the Royal Yacht Squadron.

The Royal Yacht, "Victoria and Albert."

PRELUDE TO THE MIGRATION TO THE MOORS ROYAL COWES AT THE HEIGHT OF ITS GLORY.

The yachting season at Cowes begins in June and does not end until October. Races and regattas are many during this period, but the height of glory is reached, of course, during the famous Week, which is the last great Society sporting event of the season and a prelude to the migration to the moors. Our artist's picture shows Cowes Front on an August afternoon. The royal yacht is seen moored in the Roads off Cowes Castle, the headquarters of

the Royal Yacht Squadron. In the foreground is a schooner-rigged yacht of the "Westward" type. East Cowes and the River Medina are on the left. All being well, His Majesty's famous yacht, the "Britannia," will be racing daily against such formidable craft as "White Heather," "Lulworth," "Shamrock," and "Westward." The R.Y.S. offers some twenty cups and £779 in money prizes.—(Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.)

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THE CAMERA AS RECORDER: NEWS BY PHOTOGRAPHY.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY G.P.A., C.N., TOPICAL AND OFFICIAL.



THROWN INTO A WELL BY AMERICANS IN 1775 AND RECENTLY FOUND PACKED AWAY: THE HEAD OF GEORGE III., AT MONTREAL.



FRANCE'S NATIONAL FÊTE DAY CELEBRATED AT RABAT: THE SULTAN RECEIVED BY THE FRENCH AUTHORITIES ON HIS ARRIVAL ON THE FOURTEENTH OF JULY.



A COPY OF VELASQUEZ'S BY SARGENT SOLD FOR £6300: "HEAD OF PRINCE BALTHAZAR CARLOS" (21½ IN. BY 17½ IN.).



A DANCE BEFORE THE PRINCE OF WALES IN SOUTHERN RHODESIA: "FATHERS DREAMING OF SONS AT WORK IN THE RAND MINES"—THE CULMINATING EPISODE.



INTONING HIS SALUTATION TO THE PRINCE: THE HEAD CHIEF OF THE SHANGAANS.



"THERE WAS NO SURVIVOR": THE PRINCE VISITS THE SHANGANI (ALAN WILSON) MEMORIAL COMMEMORATING THE SPLENDID "LAST STAND" IN 1893.

The stone head of King George III. was part of the first monument to be erected in Montreal. When, in 1775, the Americans sought to induce the Canadians to join them in rebellion against the English, the monument became a centre of excitement, and on the day the Quebec Act came into force unknown hands daubed the effigy with black and gave it a necklace of potatoes, with a cross bearing an insulting inscription. In November of the same year, troops of the rebel American Army invaded Montreal, removed the head from the monument, and threw it down a



AT THE "HOME OF SPIRITS": THE PRINCE OF WALES AT THE GRAVE OF CECIL RHODES AT "THE WORLD'S VIEW" IN THE MATOPPO HILLS.

well. Twenty years later this was rescued and passed to the Natural History Museum of Montreal. For the past two decades, it remained packed away in a box, and when found recently after a long search, it was seen to be mounted on the plaster base of a Greek god. It is now at the McGill University.—In addition to visiting the grave of Cecil Rhodes, the Prince of Wales went to Jameson's tomb and to the memorial commemorating the stand made by Major Alan Wilson and his comrades at the Shangani River in 1893.

ROMAN JERASH'S SOUTHERN THEATRE: NEW DISCOVERIES.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY COURTESY OF PROFESSOR JOHN GARSTANG.



DISCOVERED AS A SEQUEL TO THE TESTING OF THE BUILDING'S FOUNDATIONS: THE EASTERN EXIT OF THE SOUTHERN THEATRE—EXTERIOR.



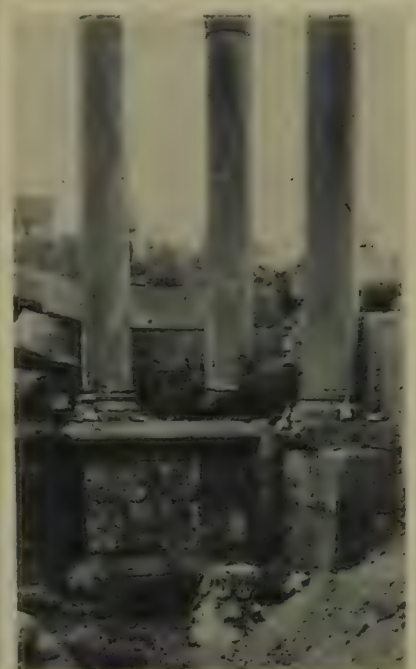
ANOTHER OF THE NEW "FINDS": THE WESTERN EXIT OF THE FAMOUS SOUTHERN THEATRE, WHICH, IT IS THOUGHT, SEATED 3000 PEOPLE.



SHOWING THE MODERN ROAD—FOR MOTOR TRAFFIC AND EXCAVATORS: JERASH, FAMOUS FOR RUINS RANKED WITH THOSE OF PALMYRA—THE "FORUM" IN THE FOREGROUND; THE "TEMPLE OF THE SUN" IN THE LEFT BACKGROUND.



BEFORE THE EXCAVATION WORK BEGUN THIS YEAR: THE RUINS OF THE SOUTHERN THEATRE—THE LARGER OF THE TWO IN THE CITY—SHOWING TIERS OF SEATS.



AMONG THE NEW DISCOVERIES: THE "PODIUM" DISCLOSED.

Working on the conservation of the remains of the famous (Southern) Roman theatre, at Jerash, the Gerasa of the Romans, and one of the ten cities of the Decapolis, Mr. Horsfield, the architect in charge, recently made an important find. The "Times" correspondent reported as follows: "While the foundations of the proscenium of the theatre were being tested, the *podium* at the back of the stage was disclosed, apparently intact all across, with its fourteen monolithic

columns, - the lower order standing complete in position, which is rarely seen; also traces of the upper order and statues and inscriptions and three stage doors; also the vaulted main entrances from both wings to the stage and the orchestra. The whole constitutes one of the most complete classical theatres." Jerash, it may be added, is fifty-six miles north-east of Jerusalem and some twenty miles east of Jordan, in the mountains of Gilead. The city was built by the

[Continued opposite.

MODERNITY AND ROMAN JERASH: THE MOTOR-CAR AND SPADE-WORK.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY COURTESY OF PROFESSOR JOHN GARSTANG.



FOR THE FIRST TIME: A MOTOR-CAR ENTERS THE COLUMNED CITY OF ROMAN JERASH BY THE MODERN ROAD.



REVEALING THE SECRETS OF THE SOUTHERN THEATRE, A STRUCTURE WHICH PROBABLY SEATED 3000 PEOPLE. THE DISCOVERY OF THE EASTERN ENTRANCE TO THE STAGE AND ORCHESTRA.

Continued.

Romans in 65 B.C.; but the ruins are those of a large Roman town of the second century A.D. As to the southern Theatre, which was dealt with in 'The Illustrated London News' of December 22, 1923, it is estimated that it could seat 3000 people. The northern Theatre is rather smaller, and is thought to have been used for gladiatorial or animal contests. Professor Garstang

then wrote: "Here temples and public buildings were placed on the west side of a stream and ravine opposite to where the modern village now stands, and where the houses of the ancient town may be presumed to have been concentrated. The classical city was laid out on a definite scheme . . . it provides one of the early illustrations of a matured town plan."

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY S. AND G., L.N.A., FARRINGTON, ELLIOTT AND FRY, AND TOPICAL.



THE ROYAL VISIT TO GREENWICH OBSERVATORY IN CELEBRATION OF THE 250TH ANNIVERSARY OF ITS FOUNDATION: THE QUEEN WITH SIR FRANK DYSON, THE ASTRONOMER ROYAL.



THE PRIME MINISTER INTERVENES IN THE COAL DISPUTE: THE SPECIAL COMMITTEE OF THE TRADES UNION CONGRESS GENERAL COUNCIL RECEIVED BY MR. BALDWIN.

It was announced on the evening of the 27th that the Prime Minister had intervened personally in the coal-mining industry dispute, and that he had received the Special Committee of the Trades Union Congress General Council appointed to keep in touch with the crisis, and would see the owners on the following afternoon. From left to right in our photograph are Messrs. A. B. Swales, Chairman of the General Council; A. Hayday, M.P.; E. L. Poulton; George Hicks; Ben Tillett; J. Marchbank; J. Bromley, M.P.; and A. G. Walkden.—On the afternoon of July 25, Mr. Baldwin addressed a mass meeting of some 50,000 Lancashire and Cheshire Conservatives, at Knowsley Park, Lord Derby's residence. He dealt chiefly with the coal crisis.—During the Grand Prix de Vitesse of the



THE MASS MEETING OF LANCASHIRE AND CHESHIRE CONSERVATIVES AT KNOWSLEY PARK: THE PRIME MINISTER AND MRS. BALDWIN ARRIVE—FOLLOWED BY LORD DERBY.



KILLED IN THE GRAND PRIX DE VITESSE: ASCARI, THE ITALIAN DRIVER.



THREATENED WITH A DUCKING, BY MINERS: THE DEAN OF DURHAM.



MAKER OF THE THEATRE "FIND" AT JERASH: MR. G. HORSFIELD.



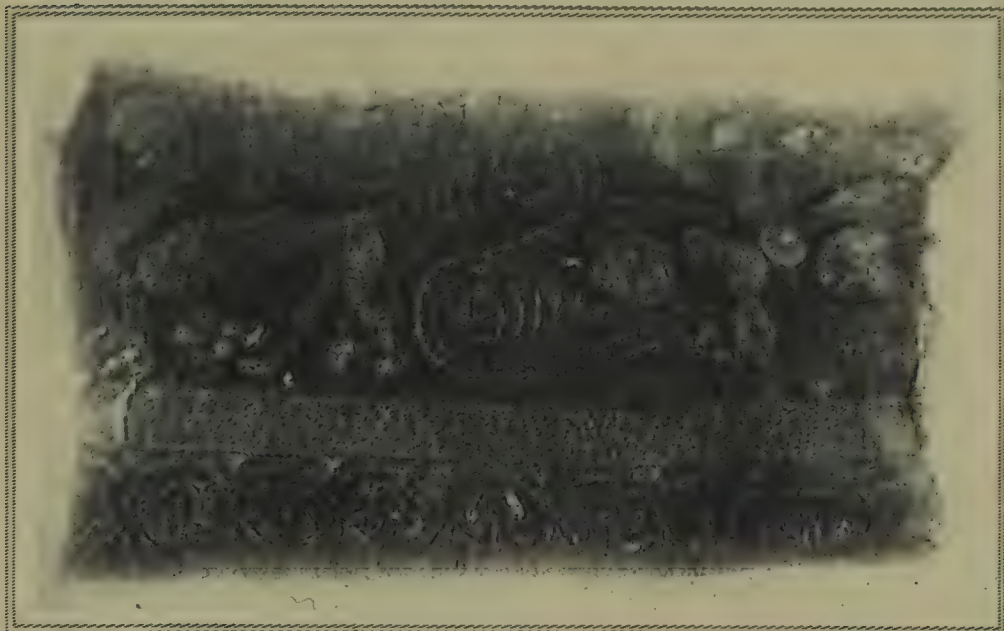
CHAIRMAN; CAN. PAC. S.S. THE LATE MR. BOSWORTH.



DROWNED ATTEMPTING A RESCUE: THE 6 FT. 9½ IN. ARTIST, MR. W. B. JEMMETT.

French Automobile Club, run off on the Montlhéry racing-track on July 20, the Alfa-Roméo car driven by Ascari touched the railings at a curve and overturned while going at a speed of 125 miles an hour. Ascari was killed.—At a miners' gala at Durham on July 28, Dr. Welldon, the Dean of Durham, was threatened with a ducking. He was, in fact, borne to the riverside. The miners' resentment was caused by opinions said to have been expressed by the Dean.—Mr. G. Horsfield is the architect who made the new "find" at Jerash, which is illustrated on pages 222-223.—Mr. G. M. Bosworth died in London on July 26, after a week's illness. He was on a business visit.—Mr. W. B. Jemmett, the artist, was drowned at Biarritz in a gallant attempt to rescue a woman.

FUNERAL CARPETS 2000 YEARS OLD: KOZLOFF "FINDS" IN MONGOLIA.

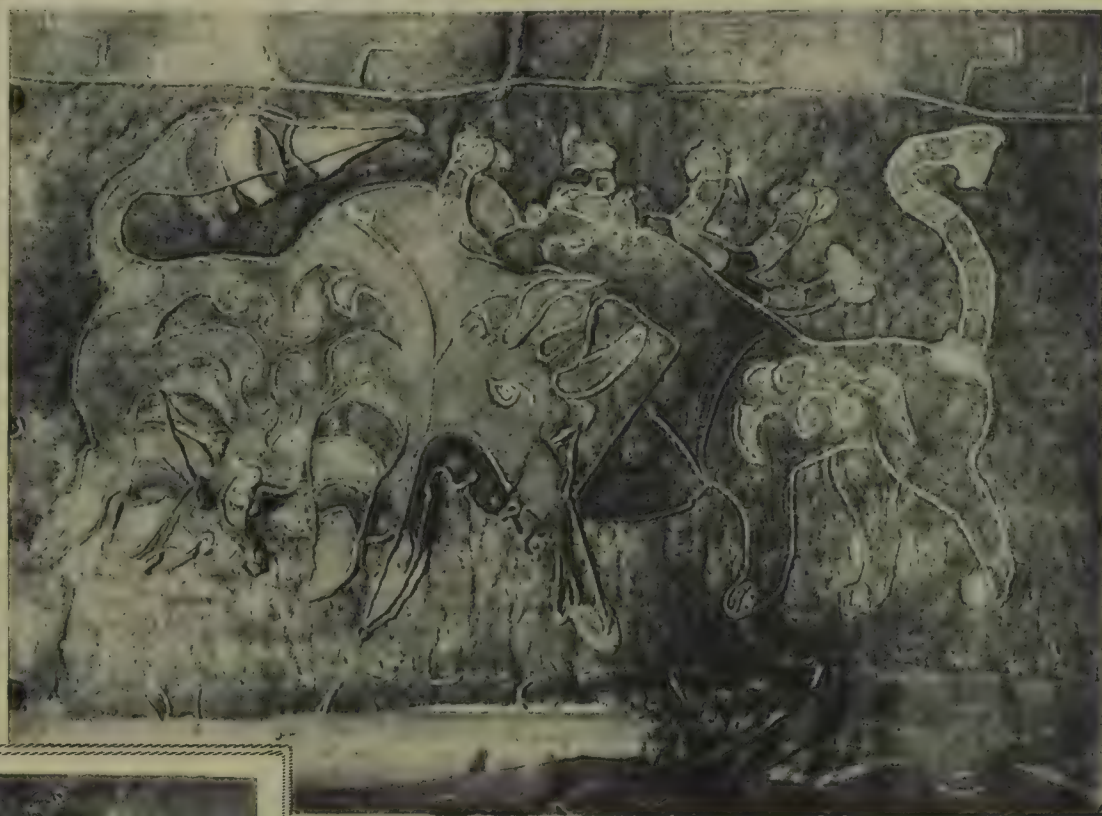


A GEM OF THE
COLLECTION;
FOUND BENEATH
A COFFIN;
AND ESTIMATED
TO BE 2000
YEARS OLD:
A CARPET
SHOWING
A GRIFFIN.

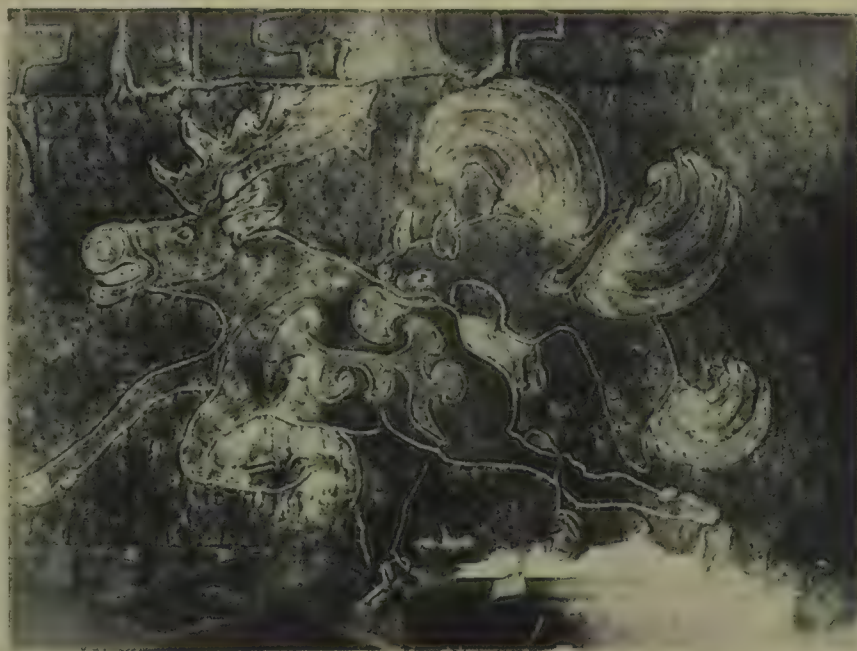


WITH COL. KOZLOFF ON THE SITE: ONE OF THE
FLAT TUMULI—NEARLY LEVEL WITH THE GROUND.

COL. Kozloff's most recent expedition to Mongolia began its work in 1923, but the importance of its discoveries only became known this year. In a lecture at Leningrad, the Colonel explained that he had examined three groups of ancient burial-places in the south-west of the Kentei Mountains, and that the tumuli excavated had yielded not only log burial-chambers, "like small houses with two or three storeys," but funeral trappings and other objects estimated to be some 2000 years old. The treasure-trove included bronze ornaments and gold decorations, inscribed ceramics, silk and woollen fabrics, tapestries, and carpets upon which the coffins rested. The state of preservation was excellent, as the "finds" were from thirty to forty feet below ground where the temperature was practically constant around zero. Long black pigtailed of women's hair also came to light. There were clots of blood on these, as though there had been scalping, and it is hoped that analysis of this blood will give a clue to the race to which the hair belonged.



ALSO FOUND BENEATH A COFFIN: A REMARKABLY WELL-PRESERVED
CARPET WITH A FIGHT BETWEEN "AN ANIMAL RESEMBLING A YAK
AND SOME SORT OF PREDATORY BEAST."



SHOWING AN ELK ATTACKED BY A WINGED ANIMAL: ANOTHER OF THE CARPETS
FOUND IN THE TUMULI SOUTH-WEST OF THE KENTEI MOUNTAINS.



SHOWING CHINESE ASSISTANTS: AT WORK AT ONE OF
THE TUMULI.

In connection with the discoveries made by the Kozloff expedition, it is interesting to note that many of the articles found bear distinct traces of Byzantine, Indian, and even Greek influence. According to the opinion of Colonel Kozloff, the gems of the collection are a tapestry showing horsemen and recalling Greek art, and the carpet showing a griffin which is illustrated above. Other treasure-trove unearthed by the archaeologists includes some seven hundred books written in seven languages,

and bound in silk fabric, a remarkable addition to the 25,000 volumes Colonel Kozloff found in 1909 in the dead city of Khara Khoto. There were also "wooden engravings and artistic water-colour pictures, which unfortunately crumbled when touched." Work on the site was peculiarly difficult, for a broad stream of water runs through one of the tumuli, and the explorers and their Chinese assistants frequently had to crouch in cold, wet clay.

The World of the Theatre.

By J. T. GREIN.

THE ENGLISH STAGE AS AN EXPERT FROM AMERICA SEES IT.

JUST a quarter of a century ago the New York *Theatre Magazine*, a noted theatrical monthly, was founded by its present editor, an Englishman, in conjunction with Messrs. Meyer, the well-known publishers of New York. When "Mr. Hornblow Goes to the Play" the world of the theatre follows him. For he is impartial, fearless, and extremely well informed upon what is going on on both sides

light-effects, exquisite taste, or astonishing realism in stage furnishings—some of the productions of a corresponding class in West-End theatres appear bare, niggardly, not to say downright shabby.

"Take, for example, the revival of Pinero's 'Iris' at the Adelphi. So indifferent and tawdry a setting as that of the first act would hardly be tolerated in a New York theatre. The scene is supposed to represent a richly furnished drawing-room in Iris's London residence. The scene shown is a dingy, barn-like room, with shabby, faded furniture, old stock stuff much the worse for wear, and a threadbare, ragged, soiled-looking floor-covering that was only the merest apology for a carpet. It could hardly be claimed that Pinero's heroine, with her fastidious and expensive tastes, would have been content to live in such unæsthetic surroundings.

"Much the same criticism applies to Mr. Jack Hulbert's revue, 'By the Way,' at the Apollo. The comedy sketches are genuinely funny and furnish capital entertainment, and most of the dancing, especially that by Mr. Hulbert himself, uncommonly good; but when it comes to the ballet scenes, the entire affair falls decidedly below the standard set for the same kind of show on the other side of the Atlantic. At the Haymarket, greater care has been taken to give the single setting of 'The Man with a Load of Mischief' the atmosphere and colour of the period, and the production is in every way satisfying and adequate.

"One serious defect of the English stage, in my humble opinion—a defect which I believe has been the chief cause of alienating playgoers from your theatres and so bringing about that financial crisis in the theatre-world of which all English producers complain—is that, instead of your managers selecting actors for the play, they pick plays that suit the actors. You make the player more important than the play. I am told that no new piece, no matter how well written, no matter how interesting the theme, has a chance of production in a West-End theatre unless it contains 'fat' parts for at least two of your favourite players. Shakespeare declared 'the play's the thing.' London managers insist that the actor is the thing. The result is a succession of mediocre plays, the repeated failure of which has led the public to distrust and stay away from the theatre altogether. How account for the revival of Pinero's comedy 'Iris,' to-day so stale and out of date, but for the fact that it affords exceptional parts for Miss Gladys Cooper and Mr. Ainley?

"I liked immensely Eden Phillpotts's amusing comedy 'The Farmer's Wife,' a superior performance

houses, and which I, myself, have always found most irritating, is the charging of sixpence for a programme. There seems to be little excuse for the imposition of this petty tax, especially in view of the high cost of theatre seats. It seems to me that if a patron pays £1 5s. for two orchestra stalls, the least a grateful manager can do in return is to give him a programme, so that he may know who is in the cast of the play, without collecting the paltry fee of sixpence for the information. The custom of making this charge is all the more unjust in view of the fact that the manager more than covers the expense of the programme from the advertisements it contains. If Mr. Shubert enters the London producing field, as he promises to do, I hope he will show your managers



A MERRY HOSTESS IN "THE GOOD-HUMOURED LADIES": MME. VERA NEMTCHINOVA, AT THE LONDON COLISEUM.

of the Atlantic. Every year when he can snatch a short holiday à l'Américain, three weeks at home, he visits his mother-country and carries back in his quiver many impressions of plays, people, and places for the enlightenment of his readers.

It was my good fortune "to collar" him just before sailing, and I was determined to make him talk. To us it is always interesting to see ourselves as other people see us, and, as he fell a willing victim, I begged him to talk away as if I were not a recorder with a pen in hand, but an audience on the other side to whom he would impart swiftly, spontaneously, and in a free-and-easy way what he had seen and observed in and about our theatre. Here is wellnigh textually the summary of his interesting discourse.

"If I were asked, as a New York theatre-goer visiting London, to point out what I consider the most marked difference between the English theatres and our American playhouses, I should answer that we in America seem to lay greater stress on the importance of adequate stage investiture. No doubt the present tendency in the United States is to go too far in this direction.

"Often the elaboration of *mise en scène* in America is so overdone that one cannot see the play for the scenery. Our playgoers have been spoilt in this respect. They demand sumptuous stage settings and the richest costumes, and the manager who is willing to cater to this costly taste, regardless of the price, is likely to reap a substantial reward.

"That, I think, is one essential difference between the American stage and the English stage. The American producer goes to greater trouble and spends more money in dressing the play than his English confrère does. Compared with the lavish display shown in a Broadway production of the first class—rich and colourful settings by the foremost of living scenic artists, elaborate and costly costumes, striking



IN "THE GOOD-HUMOURED LADIES": MME. LUBOV TCHERNICHEVA AND M. THADÉE SLAVINSKY.

in every way to Mr. Coburn's production of the same piece in America. It is better staged and better acted in London, which no doubt explains why the comedy failed in the United States, while here the play has passed its 600th performance.

"A practice in your theatres that the American visitor does not have to contend with in his own play-



A POETESS OF MOTION IN "THE GOOD-HUMOURED LADIES": MME. LUBOV TCHERNICHEVA, AT THE LONDON COLISEUM.

how they can abolish the 6d. programme charge and still avoid bankruptcy."

"Capital!" I said. "As refreshing as the north-west wind of which you poets like to talk. You have not flattered your impressions; you have told some home truths. Yet, before you conclude, I would beg you to explain in general where lies the fundamental difference between our plays and those coming from America, and also to tell my readers what you think of our methods of criticism as compared with those on your side."

And Arthur Hornblow said—

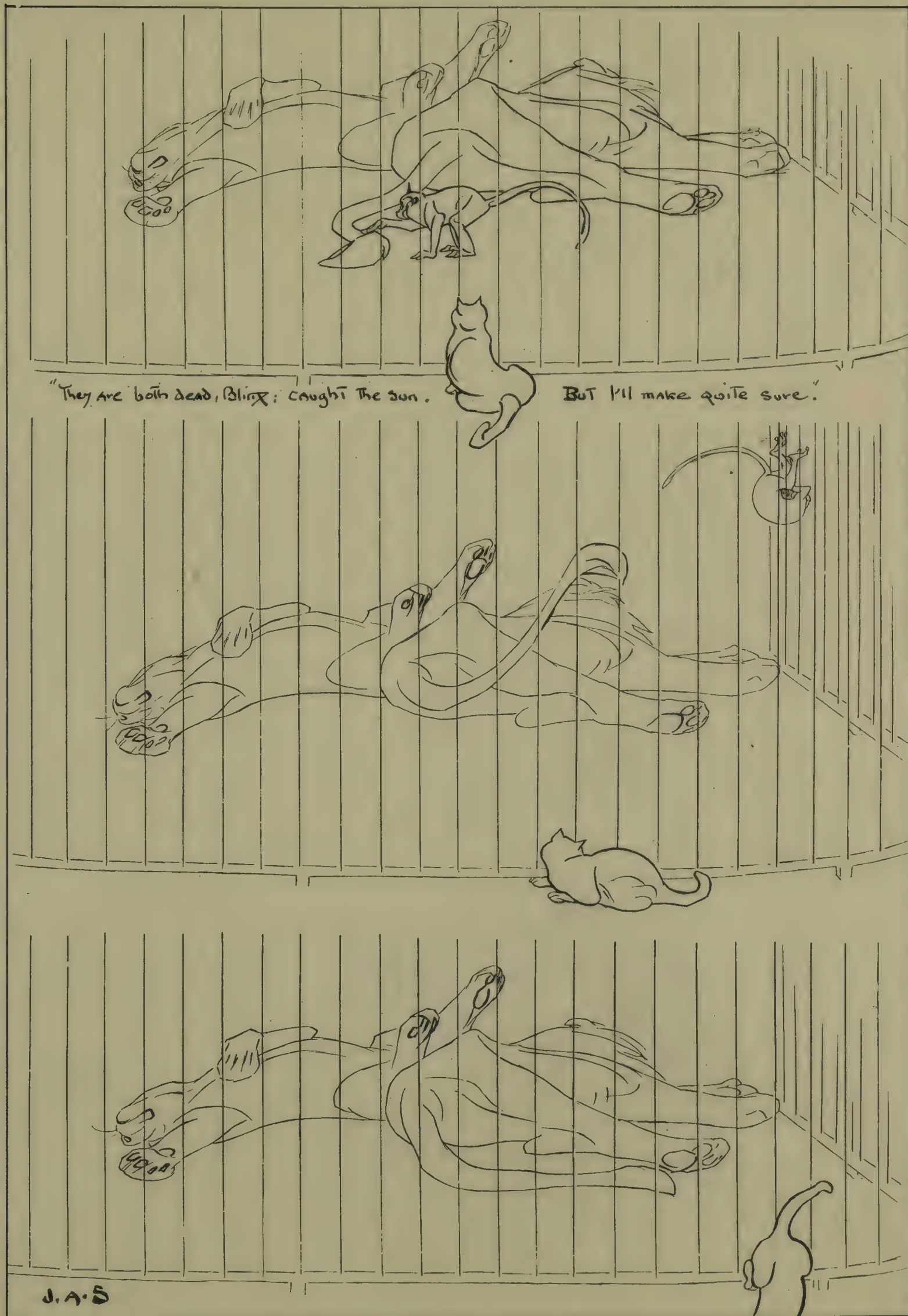
"In one important particular your theatre far surpasses ours—that is in the superior calibre of your playwrights. Our native American drama may have more vitality, more originality, more 'pep,' but, compared with your more polished, finished product, most of our playwriting output is as yet somewhat crude. In general workmanship, in grace of literary expression, in intellectual power, your dramatists are as yet far in advance of ours. True, we have Eugene O'Neill, the most vital and gifted of all our American playwrights; but against our single O'Neill, England can put Galsworthy, Shaw, Masefield, Drinkwater, Milne, Lonsdale, Coward.

"Our playwriting standard in America is not very high, and this for two reasons. The first is that most of our dramatists, nothing if not practical, write with one eye on the box-office. The second is that our dramatic critics—many of them, young men with facile pens but little background, eschew the thoughtful, analytical, scholarly style of review, so delightful a feature of your newspapers, preferring the so-called smart, jocular kind of comment which to-day too often passes for dramatic criticism."

Upon this, with a blush for the little bouquet proffered to our critical *confrèrerie*, I wished him "God speed" in gratitude. He has given us something on which to "pause and reflect."

BLINX AND BUNDA: A TOUR ROUND THE "ZOO."—No. XXI.

DRAWN SPECIALLY FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY J. A. SHEPHERD. (COPYRIGHTED.)



BUNDA MAKES A WRONG DIAGNOSIS, TWEAKS A TAIL, AND RECEIVES HIS JUST REWARD.

Bunda, when he saw the couple stretched out on the floor of the Lion House, knew at once that they were dead—for he fancies himself as a physician! "What you might expect with 90 degrees in the shade—they've had a heat stroke." "Have they?" said Blinx, rendered sceptical by habit and

experience. "Yes, and I'll prove it to you now," replied Bunda. "Watch while I tweak the lion's tail." So Blinx sat and watched—at a safe distance; and Bunda tweaked the lion's tail. And then he got his fee, which was too summary (or summary!) to permit of a "Thank you."

THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

CONCERNING PREHISTORIC MAN.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "The Infancy of Animals," "The Courtship of Animals," etc., etc.

JUST now the history of Man and his origin is being discussed with much heat and little wisdom by some of our Transatlantic cousins. They would do well if they would spend a little of their energy in reading Mr. Burkitt's fine volume on "Prehistory"

The matter now began to attract serious attention, and presently a change of opinion in England led to the search for similar evidences of early man in Britain. Then followed the brilliant work of Godwin-Austen, Prestwich, Pengelly, and Falconer. No longer could there be any doubt about these stones having been shaped by human hands, to serve the purpose of tools and weapons. They were now subjected to an intensive study, and it soon became apparent that they represented a series of successive stages in man's developmental history. That is to say, they showed improvements of technique, and an ever-increasing variety of form. Their relative ages were determined partly by the geological horizon in which they were found, and partly by means of the associated remains of animals—elephants, rhinoceros, hippopotamus, reindeer, and so on.

Later came the work of Lord Avebury, who ranged them into two groups—the Palæolithic, or weapons and tools of rough stone; and the Neolithic, under the supposition that the Neolithic, or "polished" implements, were made by an entirely different race of men. And this conception has persisted until to-day. It has now been conclusively shown, however, that this view is untenable, and that, if we are to avoid confusion, we must drop these terms. We must now speak of Palæoanthropic and Neoanthropic man. Mr. Burkitt, in his book, tells us as much. Nevertheless, he has become so wedded to the old terminology that he cannot break away from it. This is most unfortunate, and very confusing—not to say irritating.

As Mr. Burkitt tells us, the earliest men probably fashioned their tools and weapons of wood. Such are represented by Eoanthropus. But even then he was beginning to use stones with which to crack nuts and bone; and these he began to shape, the better to serve their purpose. Such crude instruments we call "Eoliths." Then came the "men of the Old Stone Age"—the "Mousterians," or "Neander" men, whose stone artefacts show three successive stages of development: Chellean, Acheulean, and Mousterian. The three

following stages—Aurignacian, Solutrean, and Magdalenian—were not, as was supposed, merely stages in the development of the Mousterian or "Palæolithic" people, but men of a new race, vastly more skilled and intelligent, albeit they still left their tools with rough, unpolished surfaces. But now, instead of a monotonous series of "side-scrapers" and points, we find a bewildering profusion of tools—needles, awls, and lance-points—as well as sculpture on bone and ivory. Many beautiful figures illustrating the life of the people of this period are given in this volume.

The Solutreans introduced new types of flint-working, but they were but indifferent artists. They were, indeed, in many respects inferior to the Aurignacian folk. Whence they came we do not know. But it would seem that, by virtue of an improved method of making lance-points, they overcame the earlier race. But they were never a numerous people, and their reign was short. They were succeeded by the Magdalenians. Who they were and whence they came is yet to be discovered. Unskilful in the fashioning of flint, they were past-masters in the matter of bone weapons and tools, while as artists they displayed a most astonishing skill. Yet before they finally vanished they seem, as Mr. Burkitt puts it, to have suffered a "catastrophic" change. "All the fine art which we have learnt to associate with Magdalenian times disappears; we cease to come upon the beautiful engravings on bone and stone... nor do we get any naturalistic paintings and engravings of animals on the cave walls."

All these ancient races lived in caves and rock-shelters, and the successive floors of these habitations afford us a priceless record of their mode of life. From their "middens" we can ascertain the nature of their food, as well as of their utensils and weapons, and the methods of the disposal of their dead; while on their walls they have left most valuable records of their art. The most famous of these are the caves of Altamira, in Spain, where polychrome pictures of animals of many kinds show these ancient Magdalenians to have been as skilled as any living artist of to-day. Mr. Burkitt has very properly dealt with this cave art in considerable detail, and we cannot help wishing he had contrived to give us at least one coloured plate as an example. Once or twice, by the way, he speaks of drawings of "penguins" in these caves. This is in the highest degree improbable. The penguin is unknown north of the Equator. By "penguin" he probably means some species of the auk tribe, or possibly one of the divers.

There is, we venture to think, one weak aspect in this book. Not enough has been said about the skeletons of these peoples, and what is said leaves much to be desired. For instance, one is somewhat amazed to find the Heidelberg jaw likened to that of a "baboon." It bears not the slightest likeness to the jaw of that animal. And again, no second "skull" of Eoanthropus has been found, and we are left with the impression that there is a possibility that the jaw may be that of a chimpanzee. This is absurd. And it is equally absurd to say that English anatomists "admit" that the jaw belongs to the skull. They make no such "admission." On the contrary, they insist that it cannot possibly be anything else but a human jaw, and must belong to this skull!

But these defects do little to impair the value of this book as a whole, and Mr. Burkitt is heartily to be congratulated on the results of his labours, for he has produced a notable work.



THE WORK OF PREHISTORIC MAN: ENGRAVINGS FOUND IN CAVES (AFTER BREUIL).

The figures in the illustration show (Nos. 1 and 2) Engravings found on large blocks of stalagmite in a cave at Teyjat (Dordogne); (3) Group of oxen from La Loja (Cantabria). The curious representation of the horns should be noted.—[Reproduced from "Prehistory," by M. C. Burkitt.]

(Cambridge University Press). It seems incredible that such pitiful ignorance of man's early history should exist to-day among any community of men calling themselves civilised. The storm that raged round the publication of Darwin's "Origin of Species" one can more easily understand, for the conception of the animated world therein presented was so utterly unlike the conventional beliefs of the time, and seemed too audaciously outrageous to be credible.

Yet long before this the writing had appeared on the wall, though none could read it. Just sixty years before the appearance of the "Origin," or nearly 130 years from the present day, John Frere—describing his discoveries at Hoxne, Suffolk, in 1797—referred to a number of flint implements as belonging "to a very remote period indeed, and to a people who had not the use of metals." Yet, somehow, this announcement failed to attract any attention. For sixty years that momentous discovery lay unheeded. Then M. Boucher de Perthes discovered, in the gravel deposits of the Somme Valley, at Abbeville, large quantities of implements evidently fashioned by the hand of man. With them he found bones of elephants, rhinoceros, hyæna, bear, stag, ox, horse, and others, which were described by Cuvier in his now famous "Ossements Fossiles." But still the announcement of the existence of these strange implements of primitive man was either ignored or treated with scepticism. Of his critics no one was more uncompromising than Rigollot, an eminent physician of Amiens. He was at last, however, induced to go and inspect the collection of Boucher de Perthes, and he returned a wiser man. At once he set about hunting for flint tools in the gravel-pits near Amiens, some forty miles distant from the hunting ground of de Perthes. In the course of about four years he found hundreds of these tools, mostly at St. Acheul.



ON THE WALLS OF CAVES: EARLY PAINTINGS—IN FLAT WASH.

Some examples of prehistoric paintings in flat-wash: A. Three hinds painted in red from La Pasiega (Cantabria). One is looking backwards—a rare thing in Palæolithic art. B. An ox and a horse painted in black from Font-de-Gaume (Dordogne). Even the difference in hoofs is shown. C. Two horses in red from Altamira (Cantabria). D. Coarse outline associated with engraving from Pindal (Cantabria). Note the arrow painted on the bison. E. Coarse outline painting of a horse from Altamira (Cantabria).

Reproduced from "Prehistory," by M. C. Burkitt.

BUCHANAN'S



BY APPOINTMENT



"BLACK & WHITE"



"BUCHANAN'S LIQUEUR"

THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

THE last week of the London Season rivalled any in its brilliance—if, indeed, it did not outdo all the others. There were two royal garden-parties, several very important weddings, two balls of first-rate interest with royal personages at both, a last garden-party at 10, Downing Street and several last weekly receptions by such well-known hostesses as Mrs. Austen Chamberlain and Mrs. Amery, with polo matches thrown in. Small wonder, therefore, that people are going away a little weary, and looking to change of scene and change of interest to pick up somewhat jaded spirits and bodies, and to carry on the social side of our British life, without which the wheels would go round very rustily. Without it we should lose hundreds of thousands of pounds spent here by Americans and foreigners, to say nothing of the fillip given to all manner of industry by the entertaining and the movement and the show, which we are quite proud of, even if we sometimes decry it.

The royal garden-parties were altogether delightful affairs. The beautiful trees, shrubs, and flowers, and the cool-looking, reed-fringed lake, were a perfect setting for the mixture of stateliness and simplicity that make of these parties such entirely pleasant things. Of our Queen's elegance in choice of gowns for such occasions we can be as certain as of her unconscious dignity in wearing them. The beautiful orchid-mauve dress of the first party was cordially approved of by all dress-loving women. It had the suffusion of pink in it seen on the lip of Queen Alexandra orchids. The trimming was a closely laid series of small fringes of crystal beads, which, as they shimmered in the sun, had a beautiful effect. There was a little lace cape hanging from the shoulders at the back, and in front were rows of large and most beautiful pearls, amid which was the fire of a very few diamonds. Her Majesty's hat was the exact shade of her dress, with a soft panache of feather also exactly matching at one side. The plain silk sunshade was also in the delicate and lovely shade. The Queen made a delightful picture of a very beautiful British lady as she

There were two other Queens at that first party: if our own first lady came first in our admiration and regard, we offer no apology. Queen Elizabeth of Belgium, who was dainty and charming in a ficelle



Perfectly cut tweed coats and skirts for the autumn, which hail from Burberrys. The suit on the right is completed with "plus fours," and may be worn without the skirt, as in the picture below. (See page 232.)

colour and dull gold draped dress with a hem of grey fur, and a small hat to match with cream-coloured and green flowers at one side, was very warmly welcomed by our King and Queen, and the Queen sought her out in the royal marquee to have tea with her. Queen Marie of Rumania was a most noticeable figure in pure white crêpe, and over it a long flowing drapery of bright red chiffon; this, with a close hat of brilliant golden tissue with amber Paradise plumes at the sides, gave to the back view of the figure some semblance to pictures of a Roman centurion. Queen Marie wore an immense unset sapphire hanging from a chain of diamond links.

These were the queenly figures at the first party; there were others at the second, and our own Queen wore another pale-hued, delicate costume as well thought out and as charming as the first, although the first was the lovelier. The ex-Greek King was with his very handsome wife, the Queen of Rumania's eldest daughter, who wore a cyclamen-pink costume and hat to match. For a little while Prince Chichibu of Japan walked between the Duke of York and Prince Henry, and there were smiles and gestures of understanding youth, but no conversation. We shall perhaps in time to come have Esperanto garden-parties, but that is in the future.

The Duchess of York looked sweet; the term is flabby in its usual way, but there is none other to describe that dainty, smiling little royal lady, and the Duke looks so proud of her and so happy. She was roses all the way; they were printed on her pink chiffon dress. Her hat was soft rose colour, and so was her sunshade. Charming pretty, too, was our own Princess Mary, and very animated and gay also, in rose-petal pink with a paler pink crinoline straw hat. Lady Patricia Ramsay was looking lovely, and so was Lady May Cambridge, who wore harebell-blue and a large hat the same colour. The King looked

the well-turned-out gentleman he always does, in a grey Park suit, a grey top-hat, a grey tie, and pale grey gloves with black points. It is rather nice to watch the faces of those he speaks to at these parties: they brighten up, and they retreat from the little chat looking as pleased as if they had found a treasure.

The wedding of Lady Alexandra Curzon, youngest daughter of the late Marquess Curzon of Kedleston and his beautiful first wife, and god-daughter of Queen Alexandra, to Major Metcalfe, son of a well-known Irish Civil Servant, and for a time in charge of the Prince of Wales's hunters—who will go to India in September to take up a post for a year as A.D.C. on General Sir W. Birdwood's Staff; he is, it would seem, a very lucky man—was made an event of special importance, the Queen of the Belgians having come over to be the guest of honour, and the King having lent the Chapel Royal, St. James's, for the ceremony. The Marchioness Curzon, all in white and carrying magnificent cattleya orchids, gave her step-daughter away, and later held a reception at 1, Carlton House Terrace. It was a very charming reception, at which all that is brightest and smartest in our social life was present. Princess Marie Joséphine, the only daughter of the King and Queen of the Belgians, was the observed of all observers. She wore pale pink suffused beige—one has to go out of the way nowadays to give any idea of colours, they are so subtle—and a crinoline straw hat matching in shade. She has a quantity of blonde *cendrée* hair, and a face rather interesting than merely pretty. She will be nineteen on Aug. 4, and in many European Chancelleries is considered the Queen of Italy in embryo, although her engagement to the tall, handsome Italian Crown Prince has not been officially announced. The betrothal of Princess Mafalda to a nephew of the ex-Kaiser has been complicated by the difference in religion. The Pope will permit the wedding, but will give no special dispensation for the ceremony, which will therefore be very short and shorn of all the elabo-



Every fishing enthusiast will appreciate the splendid merits of this practical outfit built by Burberrys, the well-known outfitters, in the Haymarket, S.W. (See page 232.)

strolled about, shaking hands with lots of people—some of them manifestly astonished at being singled out for the honour, and finding that it was no hap-hazard honour: the Queen knew something of them and of some good work they had engaged in.



The new "plus four" suit for shooting, climbing, and general country wear, sponsored by Burberrys. It is built of real Shetland tweed in fashionable colourings.

rate symbolism of the Church of Rome. Also, the children of the marriage, if any, must be brought up in the Roman Church faith until they are twenty-one.

A. E. L.



Make it a "Kodak" holiday

Haven't you often said that the greatest pleasure of a holiday lies in looking forward to it? And that is probably how you feel about it, if you have never tried a "Kodak" holiday. Just try one this year. You get all the pleasure of looking forward to it; you thoroughly enjoy it while it lasts—but the great advantage of a "Kodak" holiday is that you save the fun and happiness in jolly little "Kodak" pictures, and then you have the real pleasure of looking back upon it for the rest of your life. Get your "Kodak" now.

For successful holiday snapshots use

Kodak Film

Kodak Film is unequalled in speed; it allows the greatest latitude for error in exposure, and it is always reliable—it never "lets you down."

When you buy film for your camera, ask for Kodak Film—the dependable Film in the yellow carton.

The holiday that lasts is the holiday with a "Kodak"

*Ask your nearest Kodak dealer
to show you the latest models.*

Kodak Ltd., Kingsway, London, W.C.2

Fashions and Fancies.

A Fashionable Wedding.

The recent picturesque wedding of Miss Joyous Markham to Count Raczynski, which took place at St. James's Church, Spanish Place, was an event of importance in the social calendar, and the beautiful frocks of the bride and her attendants, which had been entrusted to Jay's, Regent Street, W., aroused universal admiration. The wedding dress was a study in ivory, carried out in georgette of the elusive tint of old lace, richly embroidered with pearls and crystals. The skirt flared gracefully from a deep vandyked band of velvet and sequins, and long pennons of embroidered pearls and crystals fell from the shoulders. The sleeves were long and tight, falling over the hand in true *moyen-âge* fashion. The beautiful train of Limerick lace, a family heirloom, was fully three yards long, and to balance it the tulle veil, caught to the head by a diadem of orange blossom, was worn over the face, the revival of a fashion which has been discarded by many modern brides. A sheaf of magnificent roses added the finishing touch to this summer wedding.

Bridesmaids in Gold and Silver.

Making an effective background for the ivory frock and train of the bride were the bridesmaids' dresses of shimmering gold tissue veiled with gold and silver lace. Clusters of deep flame roses indicated a low waist-line, and matching these were long scarves of shaded georgette, draped gracefully from shoulder to shoulder, and turbans of swathed gold tissue. After the ceremony, Miss Markham wore a delightful "going-away" toilette, again in ivory, of which the dress and coat must be placed to the credit of Jay's. A tunic of pleated georgette, its slender silhouette emphasised by lines of tiny steel buttons each side, was worn over a fourreau of satin beauté in the same colourings; and a long coat to match, expressed in romaine, was hemmed with white fur. The hat was a fascinating Reboux model in white adorned with a cluster of green and white camellias, which on close inspection proved to be made of tiny feathers exquisitely fashioned as though by fairy fingers.

The Vogue for Three-Piece Pyjamas.

A few years ago the word "pyjamas" implied plain, practical garments which were strictly utilitarian. It is difficult to realise that the fascinating creation pictured here

is a direct descendant of these sober "coat and trousers" ancestors, yet it is the latest development of pyjama fashions. Being a three-piece affair, it can



A fascinating three-piece pyjama suit, fashion's latest inspiration in the sphere of lingerie, which may be studied at Debenham and Freebody's, Wigmore Street, W. It is expressed in lacquer-red washing satin, piped with fancy ribbon.

play with equal success the rôle of a boudoir toilette, by slipping over the sleeveless jumper the loose Chinese coat. It is expressed in lacquer red washing satin piped with fancy ribbon, and may be studied at Debenham and Freebody's, Wigmore Street, W. The price is 6½ guineas complete. Another alluring model

has tight-fitting trousers of black satin and a white georgette slip completed with a frilled jabot, while the decorative coat to match is of heavy crêpe bordered with satin and embroidered with a Chinese design in white. Then a two-piece affair has trousers and top in one, expressed in white crêpe-de-Chine, while over it is worn a coat of many colours printed in a striking diamond pattern. Simpler, but quite irresistible, is a suit of washing satin comprising a smock and tight Pierrot trousers carried out in crêpe-de-Chine. The price is only 98s. 6d. These fascinating creations are well worth a visit to every lover of beautiful lingerie.

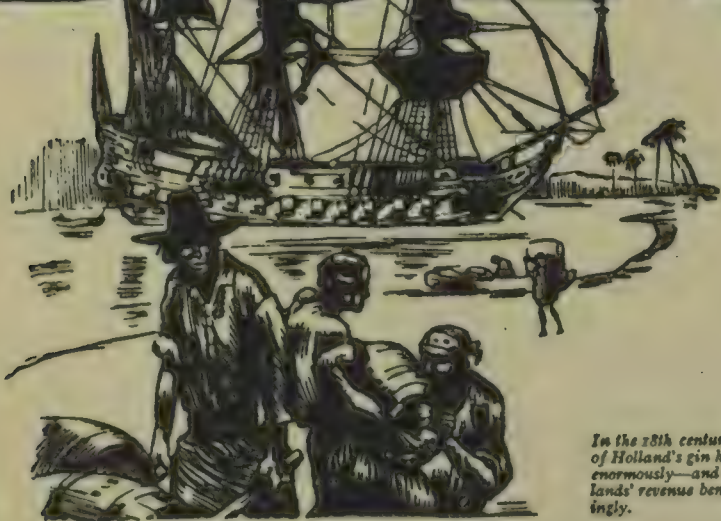
"Plus Fours" for Shooting and Climbing.

In America women wear "plus fours" for almost every sport and general country wear. In England, so far, we have been more conservative, but the fashion is undoubtedly practical, and Burberrys, in the Haymarket, S.W., the famous authorities on sports clothes, have introduced a new "plus four" model which is pictured on page 230. Built of real Shetland tweed, it is a notable achievement of perfect tailoring. With it may be worn, if desired, a single or double wrap skirt, completely hiding the "plus fours," as shown on the right of the picture in the centre. On the left is a coat and skirt of gamefeather tweed in new designs and colourings. Below is a fishing outfit which will interest every enthusiast at this season. It can be carried out in the Burberry gabardine in neutral tints, or in this firm's well-known Solgardine material, which is obtainable in a host of bright colours. It is the essence of comfort, convenience, and reliability in every emergency. Pattern-books of this firm's latest tweeds and Solgardine material, together with brochures illustrating the new models, will be sent gratis and post free to all who apply mentioning the name of this paper.

A Free Treatise on Grey Hair.

Every woman who has reached the age when each glance in the mirror reveals grey finger-prints of time in her hair wishes to find some means to conquer them. A book of hair health and beauty, describing how the natural colour may be restored from root to tip, may be obtained gratis and post free by all who apply to the Facktative Company, 66, Victoria Street, Westminster, S.W. Facktative is guaranteed to cure grey hair without the use of dyes or stains, with the result that the colour does not alter even after washing. Everyone who is interested in the subject should write at once for this interesting booklet.

BOLS



In the 18th century the export of Holland's gin had increased enormously—and the Netherlands' revenue benefited accordingly.

ONE-NINTH of the spirit taxes paid in Holland and West Friesland in 1758 was contributed by Lucas Bols Hermanuszoon. Bols spirits and liqueurs were favourites in those days, just as they have been ever since.

BOLS

A three-hundred-and-fifty years' tradition is in BOLS: Very Old Gin, Dry Gin, Kümmel, Orange Curaçao (Dry), White Curaçao (Triple Sec), Crème de Menthe, Maraschino, and Cherry Brandy.

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"BRUNETTE
CHOCOLATE"
BISCUITS**
A rich brown biscuit
with a flavour all its
own. Sandwiched with
Chocolate cream.
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CARR & CO. LTD.
CARLISLE



Exhilaration :

*Sunshine, a Spanking Breeze,
a Dancing Blue Sea — and*

Maison Lyons' Chocolates

FOUR SHILLINGS PER POUND

THE VALUE IS IN THE CHOCOLATES,
NOT THE BOX.

Sold in the Salons at the Corner Houses, Maison Lyons and Lyons' Tea-shops, in Theatres and Cinemas, and by good Confectioners everywhere.

THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

Sleeve-Valve Developments.

Hitherto, in spite of its many advantages over the poppet-valve motor, the sleeve-valve engine of the Knight type has suffered in comparison because of the relatively low power output it has been possible to secure from cylinders of a given dimension. Since the Minerva scored so well in the last Tourist Trophy race in the Isle of Man, the Knight engine has not, so far as my recollection serves me, competed in any European race of importance, and the field has thus

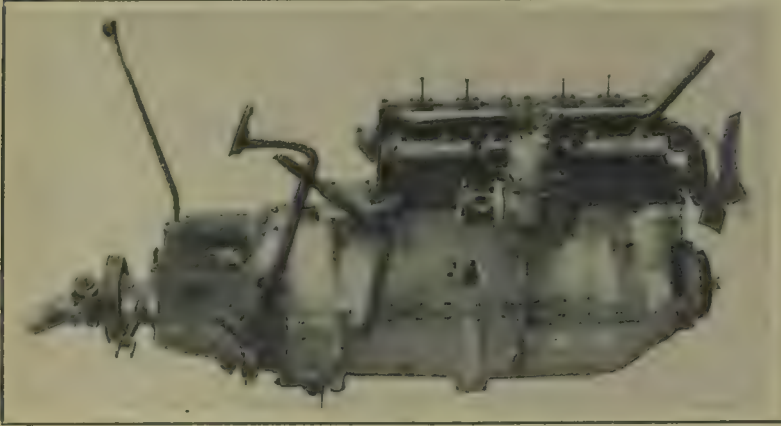
minute have become quite common, while in modern racing cars nothing much under 5000 seems to count. Thus the sleeve-valve type seemed left well in the rear, and we had rather come to regard it as a motor with undoubted merits of silence and reliability, but one to be used only in cars in which speed was a secondary consideration.

Obviously, the one way to secure high engine speeds is by making the reciprocating parts as light as possible. In the poppet-valve engine this presents little difficulty. Aluminium alloy pistons, duralumin connecting-rods, and perfect balancing of the crank-

arose, particularly with regard to their lubrication. In fact, I think it is correct to say that if these lubrication difficulties could have been overcome we should have seen steel sleeves in use years ago. Their manufacture and fitting presented no difficulties at all.

The New Daimler Engines.

Long and patient experiment by the Daimler engineering staff has led to a complete solution of all the lubrication problems connected with the use of steel sleeves, and now the sleeve-valve motor is well on the way to overtaking its rival in the matter



A NEW DEVELOPMENT OF THE DAIMLER SLEEVE-VALVE: THE CARBURETTOR SIDE OF THE NEW 16-55 DAIMLER.



CHOSEN AS AN OFFICIAL CAR BY THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL-DESIGNATE OF AUSTRALIA: LORD STONEHAVEN'S DAIMLER LANDAULETTE.

The Daimler engine illustrated has the new light steel sleeves with large ports which enable them to sustain high power with perfect balance up to 4000 revolutions a minute, which is equivalent to 65 m.p.h.—Lord Stonehaven, who is Governor-General-designate of Australia, was Sir John Lawrence Baird, Bt. He has chosen Daimlers to be his official cars—an enclosed landaulette for use on ceremonial occasions, and an open car for extensive tours. Each is on the new 35-120-h.p. chassis.

been left clear to the high-efficiency poppet-valve motors which up-to-date racing practice has developed. The reason for this comparatively low efficiency is, of course, that the weight of the reciprocating parts—pistons and sleeves—has been so great that the sleeve-valve motor has been unable to achieve the high engine speeds which have characterised the other type. As we know, the power developed by an internal-combustion engine is in direct relation to its piston speed—or, in other words, its capacity to "rev." We have seen poppet-valve motors turning at extraordinary speeds. Even in ordinary touring car practice speeds as high as 3500 revolutions per

shaft will go very nearly all the way to giving us all we want in engine-speed capacity. There are other factors to come into the account, but they do not matter for the moment. When, however, we come to the sleeve-valve engine, we not only have pistons and connecting-rods to lighten, but we have the weight of the sleeves to consider, and it is here that all the difficulties have arisen. Until now the sleeves have always been of cast-iron, which, as we know, is very heavy. The obvious thing to be done was to make the sleeves of drawn-steel tubing, which is far lighter for a given strength. For years steel tubes have been the subject of experiment, but all sorts of difficulties

of piston speed. The weight of the new sleeves is something less than half that of the old ones. Their comparative lightness has made it possible to give them a longer travel in the cylinders, and thereby rendered possible a greater port opening and consequently a much higher power output than was possible in the case of the older type engines. During a recent visit to the Daimler works I saw what I should never have believed possible—sleeve-valve motors turning under load at over 4000 revolutions per minute, meaning an effective piston speed of about 2500 feet per minute. This, in the case of the smallest engine of the series, which is one of 16-h.p. rating, means a

[Continued overleaf.]

Important Announcement

CONCERNING THE 20 H.P.

ROLLS-ROYCE

CHASSIS

9 ALL 20 H.P. Rolls-Royce Chassis ordered on and after July 28th, 1925, can be fitted with right-hand change-speed and brake levers and a 4-speed gear-box, without addition to the usual chassis price, viz. £1,100.

Also

Rolls-Royce Six Brakes can be fitted to all 20 H.P. Rolls-Royce Chassis ordered on and after that date at an extra cost of £85 (Provided that the Brakes are ordered at the same time as the Chassis)

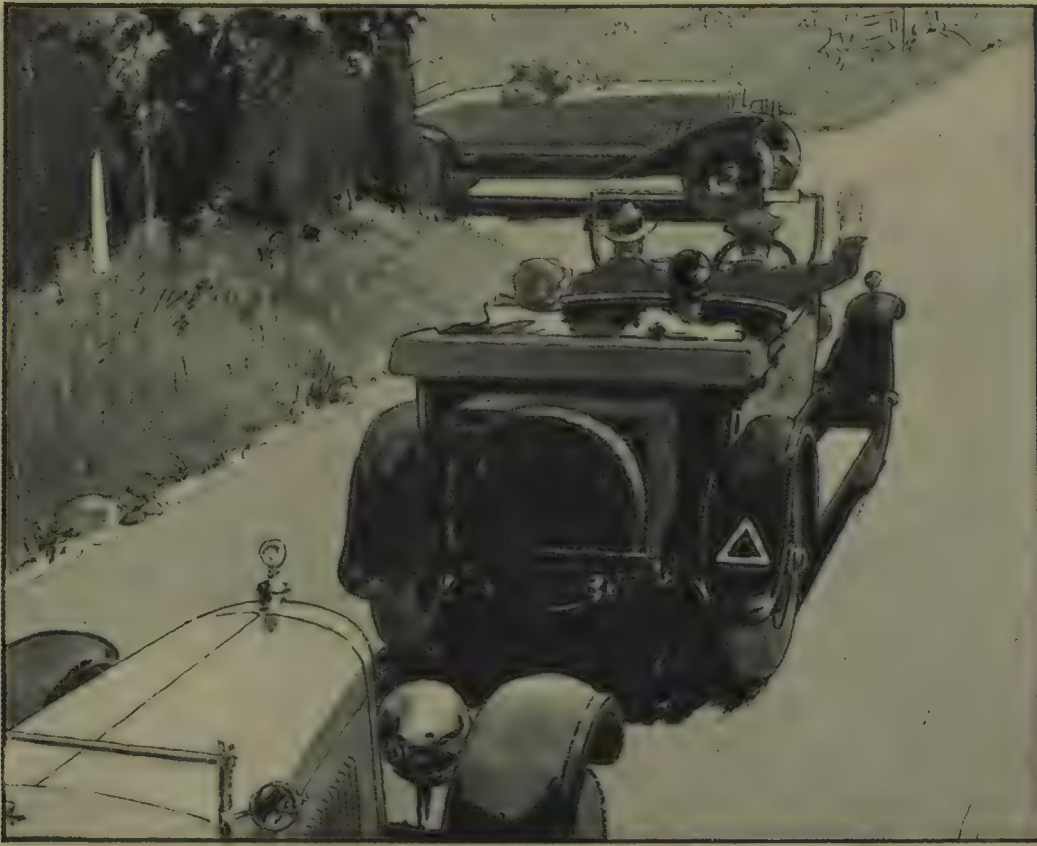
ROLLS-ROYCE LIMITED, 15 CONDUIT ST., LONDON, W.1

Telegrams: Rolhead Piccy London

Telephone: Mayfair 6040 (4 lines)

What I see on the Road

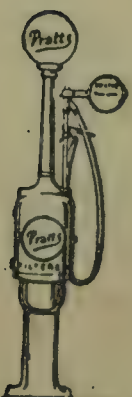
by
Tommy Pratt-Kins
OF THE
PETROL PATROL



Nº 1

Four Wheel Brakes

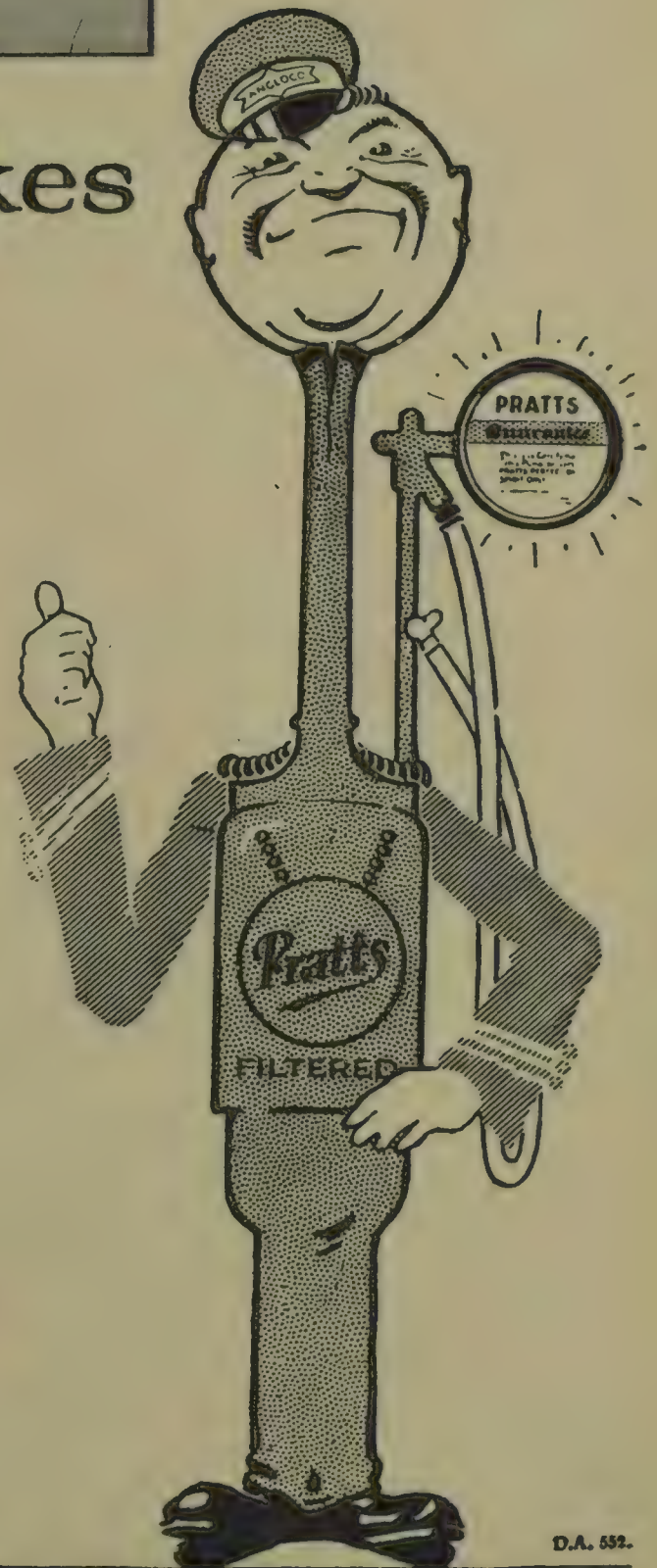
FOUR-WHEEL BRAKES are becoming standard fittings Sir! Soon it will be an exception to find a new car without them. I have heard experienced motorists say that the ability to stop safely in a shorter distance has increased the speed of motoring by at least 20 per cent. Of course, this means that the engine is working harder and at a higher speed over longer periods than before. That explains why advocates of four-wheel brakes come to me for Pratts Perfection, because higher speeds and quick acceleration can only be had of a spirit that vaporizes readily, and gives a clean engine over thousands of miles of running. They know that I will give them only Pratts Perfection, pure, uniform and reliable, anywhere and everywhere. My guarantee label ensures this.



PRATTS

PERFECTION SPIRIT

Uniform everywhere Reliable always



D.A. 552.

(Continued.)

power output of about 55 brake horse-power—not at all bad for any engine, no matter with what type of valve gear. The approximate horse-power developed by the new Daimler series, which includes four different engines, is, in the case of the 35-h.p. motor, 120-h.p.; of the 25-h.p., about 85-h.p.; and of the 20-h.p., rather better than 70-h.p. The 16-h.p. I have already noted.

After witnessing the tests in the shops, I was given an opportunity of trying cars of each type on the road, and some quite surprising results were obtained. The 35-h.p., with a very heavy saloon body and full load of passengers, reached a speed on the road of 79 miles an hour, and this did not appear to be the utmost limit of which it was capable. The 16-h.p. saloon touched 61 m.p.h. on a level road. But what was most impressive of all was the way in which each of the four cars simply flattened out the stiff Warwickshire hills at which we put them, and, at the end of the tests, we took a 35 to Oxford at an average of just under 40 m.p.h. for sixty miles, and it was only by the elapsed time that we were able to appreciate that we had really been travelling fast, so smooth and silent was the running. There is no question that these new Daimlers are a very great advance on anything the company has ever done, and should go a very long way towards popularising the Knight type of motor.

More World's Records.

I suppose that one of these days the last word will have been said in the matter of motor-car speed, but evidently the time is not yet. Last week Captain M. Campbell, driving his twelve-cylinder 350-h.p. Sunbeam racer, set up new figures for the flying mile by covering the distance at a mean speed of 150.766 miles per hour. The scene of these records was Pendine Sands, near Tenby. Captain Campbell has

a new car on the way, with a 450-h.p. Napier Lion motor, capable of developing some 610-h.p., on which he expects to put the world's record for the mile up to somewhere in the region of 180 m.p.h.—W. W.

Three-quarters of a century ago, submarine cables were unknown. To-day, so silently and efficiently do they work that the present generation has ceased

Ciro salon synchronises with Dublin's greatest social event of the year—the Horse Show.

The "Spinet House," who celebrate their 150th anniversary this year, are surely moving with the times, as they are now selling at the popular price of 10 for 6d. and 20 for 1s. their world-famous Spinet cigarettes, in a new packing known as "Spinet Round," with cork tips. All the fine qualities that have made the large oval Spinet cigarettes famous for so many years are embodied in the "Spinet Round" which in every respect are worthy of the traditions of the "Spinet House."

Reports are coming to hand that the famous Italian resort, the Lido, is gayer and more popular than ever this year. From now till the middle of September is just one succession of the fêtes which play such an important part in the amusements on the shores of the Adriatic. Among the more unusual of the fêtes arranged this year is to be a remarkable Grecian feast at the Excelsior entitled "The Battle of Troy," and later the "Dolls' Ball" takes place, which is promised to be the triumph of the Lenci dolls. In the first week in September the Excelsior is to be the scene of the submarine ball entitled "In the Abyss

of the Sea." Any readers contemplating a holiday between now and the end of October should apply to the Italian State Railways, Tourists Department, 12, Waterloo Place, Regent Street, for a copy of their booklet about the Lido.

The delightful music of the two big theatrical hits—"No No Nanette" and "Rose-Marie"—charms everyone who hears it, and both those who have enjoyed the two shows and those who have only heard the tunes from them will be delighted to hear that Messrs. Chappell and Co. have published the scores of both pieces at the price of 8s. net each.



READY TO MAKE RECORDS: MR. J. G. THOMAS ON HIS LEYLAND-THOMAS CAR AT BROOKLANDS.

The above photograph shows Mr. J. G. Thomas on his Leyland-Thomas car at Brooklands on July 14, when he made the following records on Dunlop Wired-on Tyres: the 100-miles world's record, 110.47 m.p.h., and the 1-hour world's record, 110.64 m.p.h.

Photograph by Courtesy of Dunlops.

actively to think about them. A film showing the laying, repairing and working of a cable of the Eastern Telegraph Associated Companies, who own the largest system in the world, is being exhibited by arrangement with the Federation of British Industries, Ltd. An interesting and instructive entertainment should find a welcome place in all kinema programmes.

As Ciro Pearls become more and more popular, their originators are extending their activities, and the latest show-room Ciro Pearls, Ltd., are opening is at the well-known establishment of Messrs. Switzers, in Grafton Street, Dublin. The opening of the new



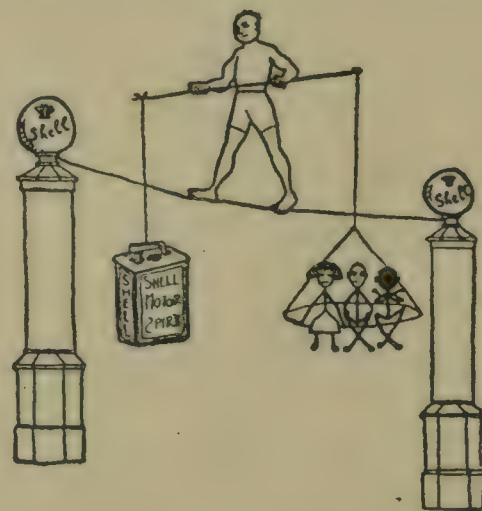
BY APPOINTMENT

It is a mark of respect to put Cerebos Salt before your guest. No better, subtler compliment than to give him the best

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SALT

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An Ellipse.

The shape you see in the neck of the bottle as your 'H.Q.' comes gurgling out. It conjures up pleasant memories and cheerful thoughts. May they always be with you, through the medium of



HIGHLAND QUEEN

SCOTCH WHISKY

Queen of Scots.



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(Home Market)

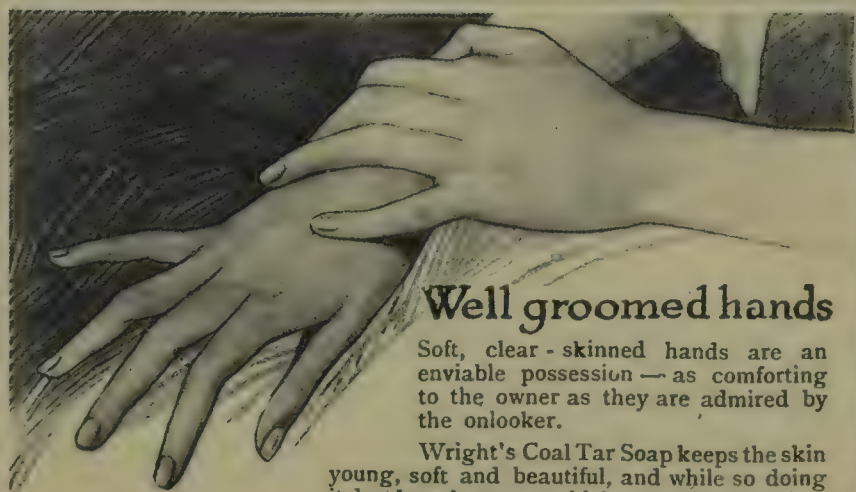
MACDONALD & MUIR, LEITH & LONDON.

Distilleries:—
Glen Moray—Glenlivet, and Glenmorangie.



Glen Moray
'93

A very fine
LIQUEUR WHISKY,
15/- per bottle.



Well groomed hands

Soft, clear-skinned hands are an enviable possession—as comforting to the owner as they are admired by the onlooker.

Wright's Coal Tar Soap keeps the skin young, soft and beautiful, and while so doing it destroys the germs which unavoidably collect on the fingers of even the most fastidious.

WRIGHT'S COAL TAR SOAP



Natural Brilliance

EVERY woman is a woman of the out-of-doors now that summer is here.

Nature is exacting, is fastidious. The sun betrays the presence of the beginning of greyness. Nature is appreciative on the other hand, and the clear light of summer makes beautiful hair look even more beautiful.

That is why women use Inecto. It is simple to apply, permanent after one treatment,

and takes only half an hour to use in your own dressing-room. Summer-time in the open air is happiness indeed to the woman whose hair has been treated by Inecto and rejoices in its rich lustre and vibrant colour of youthful nature.

Your hairdresser can tell you more about Inecto. He has our dainty beauty brochures, or you may have them on request from our Salons. "Hair Recoloration" is a booklet which tells how Inecto may be used in the privacy of your home in one application only.

INECTO

SALONS: 15 NORTH AUDLEY ST., LONDON, W.1

Telephone: Mayfair 3046 (3 lines)

"THE CITY OF SUNKEN CHURCHES."—[Continued from p. 212.]

and proportionately wide. The priests told us that there were originally seventy-two columns in and around this church, but many have been broken. There is still a colonnade of mighty blocks at the eastern façade, and a few remain at one end of the southern. There are no statues in this church, nor anything to show that such ever existed, nor are there any outside arches. Inside there is, first, an ante-chamber like a broad passage, with a second door which opens into the central of five aisles. These are divided by twelve pillars, massive and square, supporting round arches, some of which are decorated with a round carved plaque. There is no central tabernacle, as in most Abyssinian churches; but what would, in Europe, be the choir is walled off between the four additional columns of the side aisles, and a curtain hangs across the central space. The priests would not allow this to be lifted, but, above it, we could see the capitals of another quartet of pillars and the corresponding round arches which support the roof. This is carved on the outside in a manner which suggests groining, and the small irregular windows are wrought in simple designs such as a Maltese cross, a St. Andrew's cross (like an X), and a Swastika.

No women may enter Mariam, the church of the Virgin. In most places even the precincts of such buildings are forbidden to anything feminine, and neither mare nor sheep, hen nor duck, may be brought into the priests' courts. One wonders if a sparrow building her nest in the porch would be excommunicated at once!

The "house of Mariam" has three porches standing out from the central block, and it is much smaller not only than its neighbour, Madane Alem, but in proportion to the size of its court, which contains two sunk pools and the remains, or perhaps the beginning, of a font or pulpit. The northern wall is beautifully decorated with a design of round arches in low relief,

and beyond it is a sort of storehouse or enclosed cloister, probably intended for another church.

On the further side of Lalibela there is another group of churches—Amanuel, Marcoyos, and Gabriel. These are all hewn out of the same hill, and the first glimpse of them is a stupendous round bastion

Its portico is roughly hollowed out of the rock face, and here there is no court or carving. A few simple arches are hewn out under the earth, and others divide the church into two lateral aisles, so that this is actually a troglodyte sanctuary penetrating twenty or thirty feet under the surface, its roof a few yards below it. Of the other churches, Lalibela has ten statues, standing or recumbent; Libanos has the most elaborately carved interior with a frieze in bold relief; and Georgisis in the form of a Maltese cross. In the sixteenth century, Alvarez, describing the tracery of this rock city, wrote, "No jeweller in silver nor worker in wax could do more work"; but, apart from the signs of different periods and schools, of Arab and Egyptian craft, to me the most interesting impressions were of bulk and squareness. Wherever men or angels touched the stone, they wrought it into sharp corners and a sturdy definiteness of line foreign to the earth out of whose breast they cut it. There is nothing round except the arches, the faint downward curve of the roofs and of the natural ground level above tunnels and bastions. Courts, pillars, capitals, tanks, window-frames, and the geometrical designs which fill them, give an impression of uncompromising solidity, and this followed us far up into the mountains on our way to Gondar. We bribed an old slave trader to take us across country by the river beds of Takkazy and Tekhen, by the monster cones of Zos, to the old Portuguese city, and we discovered several other troglodyte churches among these untrodden paths. There is a Miquel near Dambeta Mariam hewn out of a red splash on the mountain side, a Mariam with a fine portal a day's journey further on, and, under the summit of Zos, a Gorgis of considerable size. All these are of the grotto type, penetrating under the earth like the houses and temples of Petra in the Hedjaz, that other "rose-red city half as old as Time," but none are as arresting as the giant rock masses of Lalibela.

ROSITA FORBES.



AN IDEA THIS COUNTRY MAY ADOPT: WRITING ON THE ROAD AS A WARNING TO MOTORISTS, IN THE U.S.A.

The Committee of the Royal Automobile Club has recommended that danger signs be painted on the roadway for the guidance of motorists. This method has already been adopted extensively in the United States, and the above photograph shows such a warning outside the Court House in San Francisco.—[Photograph by Central Press.]

encircled by a trench forty or fifty feet deep with a corresponding outer wall. Twenty-eight feet of tunnel lead into the court of Amanuel, which is some thirty yards long. The church, nineteen yards by thirteen, is divided into an outer corridor or aisle and a holy of holies between four square columns, supporting round arches just below the roof, and another set of pillars are carved into the walls. The "house of Marcoyos" is reached by a winding subterranean passage which begins under the floor of Amanuel.

covered several other troglodyte churches among these untrodden paths. There is a Miquel near Dambeta Mariam hewn out of a red splash on the mountain side, a Mariam with a fine portal a day's journey further on, and, under the summit of Zos, a Gorgis of considerable size. All these are of the grotto type, penetrating under the earth like the houses and temples of Petra in the Hedjaz, that other "rose-red city half as old as Time," but none are as arresting as the giant rock masses of Lalibela.

ROSITA FORBES.



"Tooth-cleaning in Pixie-land."

clean teeth
and
Calvert's
CARBOLIC
Tooth Powder
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AN "EXCLUSIVE VIEW" IN THE PACIFIC.
(Continued from Page 202.)

had definitely overcome that obstacle. But that was only one of many such ravines that barred our progress. The land quivered with heat. The equatorial sun beat down, and immeasurable fires below ground poured up. The black skyline of lava on the shoulder of Mount Whiton had a quadruple outline that danced up and down as though some gigantic hand shook a flexible rope. Baked from above and below, we staggered on, missing our footing and falling uncounted times, unable to sit down and rest for the intolerable heat of the rocks.

Insensibly our programme changed. We no longer talked of the big crater, but bore off to the south, making for the nearest, no matter how small. Of life there was practically none, though I saw one yellow butterfly unbelievably fluttering through the heat waves, and here and there small patches of reedy grass that somehow obtained nourishment since this lava had cooled. "Cooled" is another word that sticks in the throat when applied to Albemarle lava. We had brought no food, but that was not troubling us. We could not have swallowed anything solid, and our canteens held the only form of nourishment in which we took any interest. To appreciate the flavour of warm water from an aluminium canteen, it should be drunk halfway up the side of an active volcano, with the thermometer approximating 150. Epicures should know of this.

At last we neared our goal, the pitiful little crater which we had scorned when we set out so briskly in the early morning. A long hillock of rocks had yet to be climbed. I was a few yards in advance, and reached the top ahead of Tee-Van, noticing as I went that we were now in the zone of heavy steam and

smoke, but that none was issuing from this particular mound. Suddenly I felt deathly nauseated; my legs gave way even more than they had been giving, and the invisible, almost odourless, fumes of carbon monoxide swept through my lungs. I shouted and waved feebly at Tee-Van to keep back, and stumbled somehow into air that, however hot, was at least clear of this rapid-fire poison.

But this entire locality was giving forth the stealthy toxin. A dozen times we hurriedly changed direction, as things began to turn black before our eyes and a dizzy sickness warned us that we were breathing the insidious fumes. Doggedly we plunged ahead, and finally reached the spot where molten lava slowly boiled at the bottom of a narrow fissure. We dared not stay, and we were capable of going no further. The journey back to shore was a nightmare. Before we reached the coast we were crippled with terrible cramps in legs and feet, and for myself I know that the only subject in the world that really interested me was that of cold water. By the time we had been ferried back to the ship, we could hardly get up the companion-way for the excruciating knots in which our muscles were tied, and for several hours we felt fit for nothing but the consumption of water, and after that more water.

At dark we were lying only about a mile off shore, watching the hot spots that appeared and strengthened in colour. All over the slope thousands of gleaming lights shone out, and on the ridge long tongues of flame shot up and died down against the sky. It might have been the bivouac fires of an army spread over ten or twelve miles. Just beyond the slope was a solid glowing mass, reflected intensely from the faithful, low-hanging cloud. Later molten lava spilled down the incline, till the whole black slope was

smear with slowly writhing streams, creeping toward the sea, while deep-throated rumbles came from invisible upheavals.

We lingered for several days off shore, getting moving pictures and paintings of the eruption in its various phases. Nor was our stay occasioned entirely by our own interest. On the south end of Albemarle there is a tiny settlement, numbering some twenty or thirty souls, and it seemed more than likely that they might be glad to be removed if the whole north end of the island should burst forth into flames.

Oceanography did not suffer by our excitement over natural pyrotechnics. We went on with our trawling, though, it must be admitted, keeping one eye on the volcano meanwhile, and a bottom dredge put down in two miles of water secured a marvellous collection. The huge net swung aboard, after its journey into the black depths, bulging with an enormous load of lava, clay, huge crimson living corals, orange and pink star-fish, scarlet shrimps, glass sponges, and sixty enormous sea-cucumbers, as icy cold from the chill of their native surroundings as though they had been of the vegetable kind just taken from the refrigerator. They were of every conceivable colour—purple, pink, yellow, green, and white, some smooth, others with long stems and bristles or shaped like Turkish slippers.

Our volcano did not become any more violent as the days passed, but continued to burn in a steady, determined way; and as our supplies were running low, and there were certain things that must be accomplished before we were compelled to return to Panama, we reluctantly steamed southward. On the next leg of our voyage we plan to return and view the eruption from a different angle.



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CHESS.

H A SELLER (Denver).—The solution you suggest for No. 3958 is a strong "try," but if you examine it again carefully, you will find Black can evade mate in the required number of moves.

ALBERT TAYLOR (Sheffield).—We are much obliged for the game, which we will gladly publish if examination proves it to be of sufficient interest. There are however, at the moment more games than problems available for use, so that we cannot promise an early appearance.

A NEWMAN (Ealing).—We like everything but your first move. It is a pity your original idea cannot be held to. However, we are glad to learn you are still labouring at the position.

R MARSDEN (Nottingham).—We are sorry we cannot give you the information you require, in the absence of either date or number. The search otherwise would be too laborious.

M B S (Sydenham).—Thanks for the position; but we regret we are unable, under the circumstances, to make use of it. Original problems, if unpublished, are always of interest, and will be accepted for publication if up to our standard, which is not a very severe one.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3954 received from Col. Holden (Hobart) and C H Perez (Antofagasta, Chile); of No. 3958 from H Burgess (St. Leonards-on-Sea); of No. 3959 from F J Falwell (Caterham), Harold T Asche (Sydenham), R B Pearce (Happisburgh), J C Kruse (Ravenscourt Park), and J Hunter (Leicester); and of No. 3960 from L W Cafferata (Farndon), C B S (Canterbury), C H Watson (Masham), H W Satow (Bangor), J P Smith (Cricklewood), S Caldwell (Hove), and G Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham).

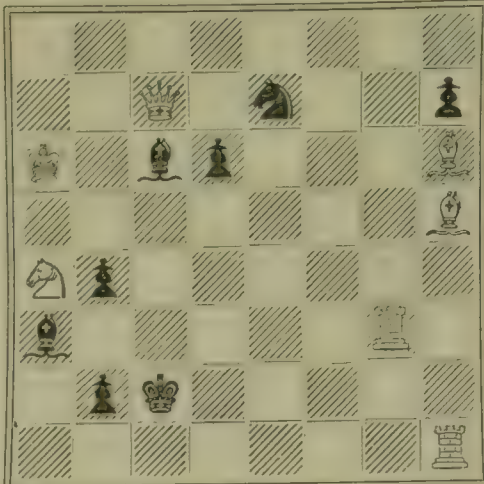
SOLUTION TO PROBLEM No. 3959.—By J. M. K. LUPTON.

WHITE	BLACK
1. B to K R 5th	Anything
2. Q, R, Kt, or B mates accordingly.	

An old-fashioned type of problem, with just one touch of self-interference to give it a smack of modernity. Diligence is the virtue,

that finds most cultivation in the search for the solution; but credit must be given for the clever variation of the mates.

PROBLEM No. 3961.—By E. BOSWELL.
BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

CHESS IN GERMANY.

Game played in the International Masters' Tournament, at Baden Baden, between Dr. TARRASCH and Mr. A. ALEKHINE.

(Giucoco Piano Opening.)

WHITE (Dr. T.) BLACK (Mr. A.)
1. P to K 4th P to K 4th
2. K Kt to B 3rd Q Kt to B 3rd
3. B to B 4th B to B 4th
4. P to B 3rd B to Kt 3rd

The opening now ranks as old-fashioned, but it offers opportunities for some spirited attacks. Black by this unusual move frustrates them in anticipation.

5. P to Q 4th Q to K 2nd
6. Castles Kt to B 3rd
7. R to K sq P to Q 3rd
8. P to Q R 4th P to Q R 3rd
9. P to R 3rd Castles
10. B to K Kt 5th P to R 3rd
11. B to K 3rd Q to Q sq
12. B to Q 3rd R to K sq
13. Q Kt to Q 2nd B to R 2nd
14. Q to B 2nd P takes P
15. Kt takes P

By some vain and weak moves, White has drifted into a position which cannot be called good. If now P takes P, Black threatens danger with Kt to Q Kt 5th; whilst the text move leaves open an answer that is no less formidable.

15. Kt to K 4th
16. B to B sq P to Q 4th

WHITE (Dr. T.) BLACK (Mr. A.)
17. Q R to Q sq P to B 4th
The characteristic fashion in which Black tightens his hold on the position is deserving of careful study.

18. Kt to Kt 3rd Q to B 2nd
19. B to K B 4th

Fatal, but what else was to be done? 19. P to K B 4th only varies the form of the attack, but leaves the result unaltered.

20. Kt takes Kt Q takes B
21. P takes P B to B 4th
22. B to Q 3rd B takes P
23. P takes B Q takes Kt
24. R takes R (ch) R takes R
25. B to B sq R to K 4th

White might as well surrender at once. He could have prolonged the game if he had not exchanged Rooks, but the end would be the same.

26. P to B 4th R to Kt 4th (ch)
27. K to R 2nd Kt to Kt 5th (ch)
28. P takes Kt R takes Kt P
29. Resigns.

An instructive example of Black's peculiar skill in mid-game play.



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[From an original drawing by CHRISTOPHER CLARK, R.I.]

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A great feature of the bazaar is the diversity of the goods and services for sale—goats and gramophones, candles and camels, shawls and carpets, bric-a-brac without end, and all the paraphernalia beloved of the native, and of the tourist.

The bearded man in the left foreground is having his head shaved. In the middle distance a vendor of oil is busy, and beyond, a donkey with its owner is setting out for home, burdened with purchases.

Prominent in the picture may be seen one of the most highly prized possessions of the native—old kerosene oil tins. Throughout Persia, these tins are everywhere to be found. They serve as a reminder that, thanks to British enterprise, Persia possesses some of the most prolific oil wells in the world. In Persia are situated the fields of the Anglo-Persian Oil Company whence comes the crude oil which is refined in Britain into "BP," the British Petrol.

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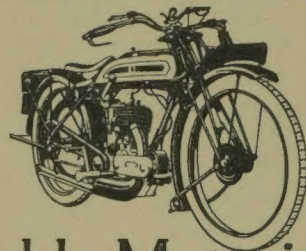
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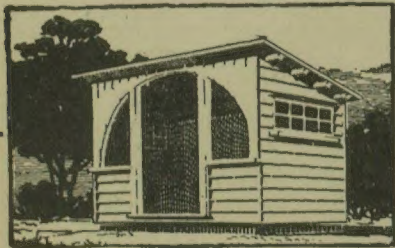
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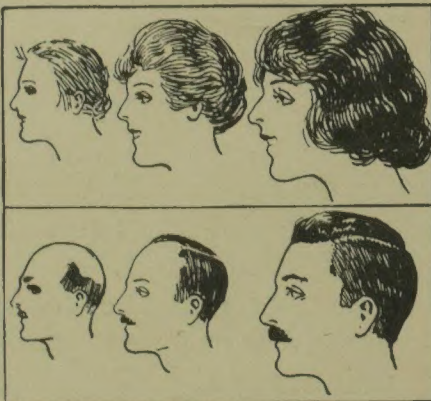
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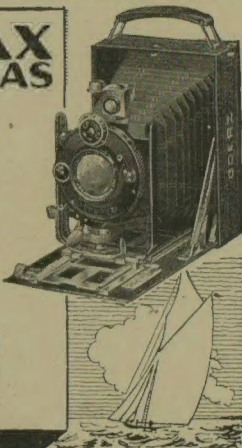
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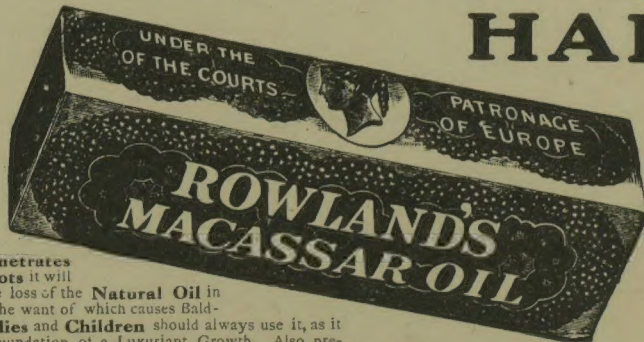
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